

AWFUL BUTCHERY OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE PHILIPPINES (ILLUSTRATED).  
LATEST PICTURES OF THE BOER WAR, BY GORDON H. GRANT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

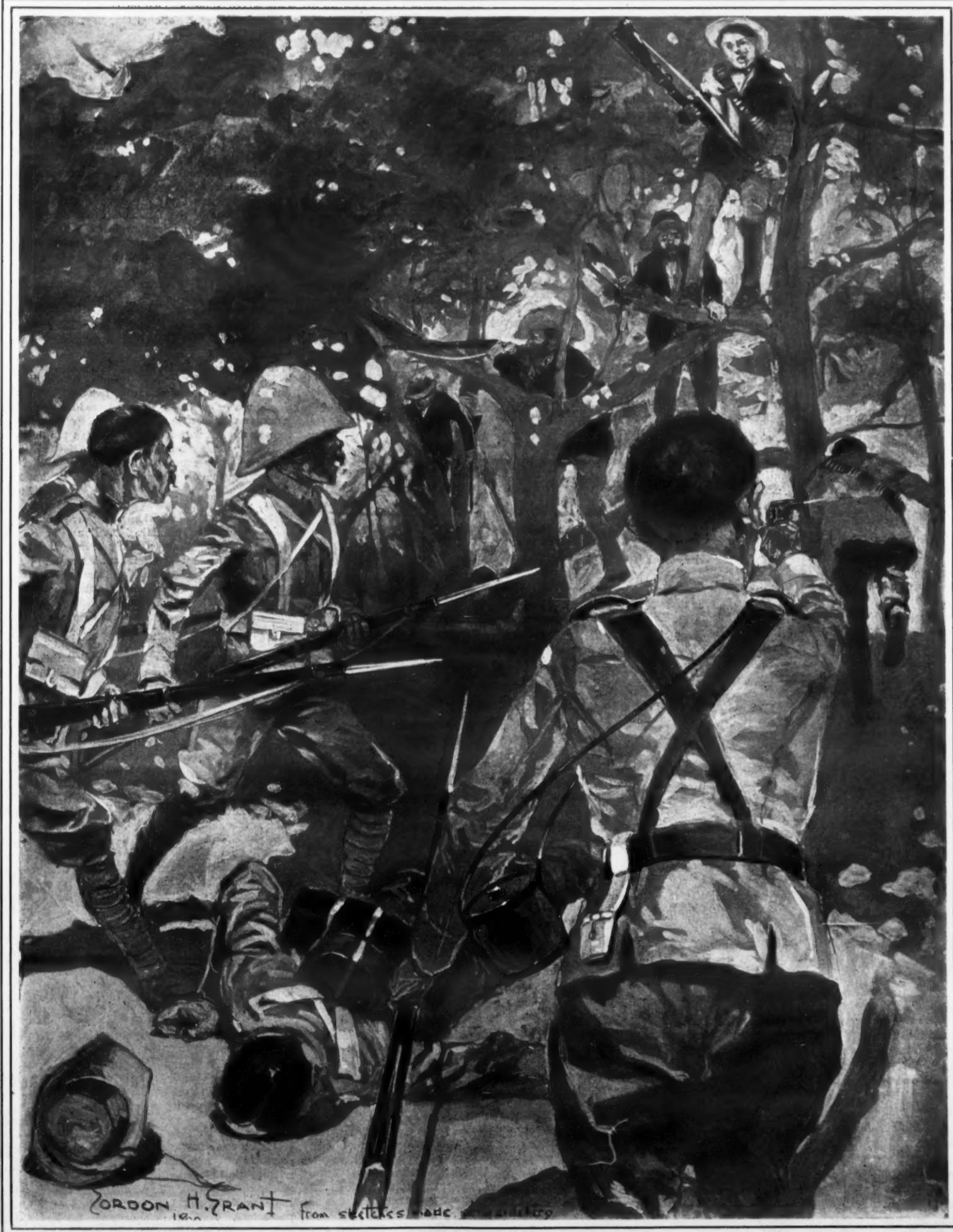
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE WELSH FUSILIERS TREEING THE BOER SHARPSHOOTERS.

THE BOERS POURED A DEADLY FIRE INTO THE ENGLISH FROM THE TREES AT PAARDEBERG DRIFT, AND WERE DISLODGED AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL ARTIST IN SOUTH AFRICA, GORDON H. GRANT.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## The Ethics of Expansion.

(Contributed Article to *Leslie's Weekly*.)



CONGRESSMAN BROSIUS.

IT is desirable that the public mind be occupied with the highest view of our relations to our insular possessions that the situation will admit of. It may be true that there is no decalogue for nations, and that the Sermon on the Mount was not addressed to States; nevertheless the Christian world rejoices to know that in the evolution of national morals we have reached a

time when nations cannot dispense with a distinct ethical warrant for their treatment of each other, and of inferior or subject races.

If we trace the stream of civilization from its first faint glimmering to the present splendor of its altruistic development we can easily see how marked has been its growth on the ethical side. Steadily has the basis for social and political union widened with the lapse of years, progressively extending the area of fraternal feeling and moral obligation. John Fiske has shown how the ideas of duty, justice, humanity, and brotherhood, once confined to blood relationship and to the clan, have become expanded and ennobled until they embrace States, empires, mankind.

Plato, we are told, never recognized rights on the part of the barbarian; and Aristotle, the soberest and soundest thinker of antiquity, classed war with the chase as two species of the art of acquisition; but we live in an era when the highest development of humanitarian feeling—justice and benevolence—gives nations the grandest pre-eminence. We recognize these fine qualities as the winning forces of civilization, the moral trade-winds of the universe. When we observe this superior altruistic development in connection with the tendency to expansion which American civilization exhibits, we may assume that the United States have a mission to guide this body of humanitarian feeling, this ethical force, to beneficent ends in the amelioration and civilization of the inferior people within the sphere of our influence.

Our war with Spain was unexampled in history, both in its origin and results; and if our expectations are not disappointed it cannot fail to be regarded, as far as the United States are concerned, as one of the few totally disinterested, stainless, and wholly virtuous acts recorded in history. It may sound like rhapsody, but it is not, when Edward Everett Hale declares that "in one hundred days God set forward civilization one hundred years"; for even this extravagant hope will be, in a large measure, realized if only the same elevated purpose and altruistic spirit shall characterize the last as gave just renown to the first act of the drama.

The possible outcome, therefore, is immeasurable good, to ourselves, to the inferior peoples involved, and to mankind; to ourselves in raising our republic into prominence as a co-equal with the great world Powers, and making it a conspicuous factor in the world problems which loom in the near future, giving us that influential place among nations which belongs to a people who stand distinctly for freedom, humanity, justice, progress—the essential principles of Western civilization; to the people of the islands of the sea in their gradual instruction in right living, the principles of just government, and the essential spirit of American institutions, education, law, order, industry, commerce, and self-control; to all mankind, in the impetus it will give to the development of those principles and qualities which are the flower and fruit of the ethical ideas on which Christian civilization is founded.

The ethical requirements of the situation are, in brief, to hold the title, sovereignty, and control of our new possessions in trust for civilization, and discharge the duties which dominion and responsibility impose; to give the people the largest liberty and the freest government their condition will admit of; to make conditions as favorable as possible to the growth of intelligence, integrity, and honest living; and to teach them self-control, obedience to law, and the art of self-government.

Neither the interest nor the glory of the nation can be an excuse for an act of injustice or wrong to an inferior people over whom we have assumed dominion. What

would give facility to commerce, stimulate ship building, or promote any other American interest, would not alone justify our new departure. We must find our justification in the higher motives of liberty, humanity, justice—duties we owe our wards, and from which we cannot absolve ourselves except by conscientious performance. The government we set up must be for the benefit of the governed. Their peace, happiness, growth, education, civilization, must be the first objects of our solicitude, and all the agencies employed should bend to these beneficent ends.

It is a happiness to know that no one is more sensible of the true nature of the problem of our insular policy than the President of the United States. He recognizes, more perhaps than any other man, the claims of our moral obligations to these inferior people dependent upon us for protection and guidance, for instruction in principles and modes of life which will lead to capability for self-government, and he insists that all control shall be exercised in subjection to the cardinal principles of justice, humanity, and liberty, whose sanction is necessary to the validity of our title to dominion over our oceanic possessions.

There is in all this a moral imperialism which will win for this republic the noblest primacy that can ever crown a nation, the primacy of humanity, justice, liberty; going boldly forward to the completion of our destiny, and, as James Bryce observed, carrying our language, our literature, our laws, our institutions, our commerce over the vast spaces of the earth and the islands of the sea; planting free thought, free speech, free press, free religion, and free government among every people under our flag, who are capable of such blessings, and when they are not, making them so as speedily as possible by such civilizing agencies as have for their object the care, comfort, and culture of the human family, and thus show the world an example of the only imperialism suitable to this republic—the imperialism of man.

*Marratt Brosius*

## Diplomacy's Silent Victory.

WE have not yet begun to realize what Dewey's victory in Manila Bay meant for the nation's future. The superb diplomatic triumph achieved under President McKinley's administration by Secretary Hay in securing an open door for American trade in the Chinese empire, is pregnant with vast possibilities. These are more generally appreciated across the Atlantic than by the people of the United States.

Ten years ago what Secretary Hay has just asked for and secured would not have been granted without a show of opposition, if not of protest, from the other great commercial Powers. The result of the war with Spain, the acquisition of Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, and, most important of all in this connection, the Philippines, have left the other trade-seeking nations in a more complacent mood.

No great international negotiation was ever conducted more quietly, more quickly, or more successfully. While Germany and Russia, France and England were securing the partition of China and separate spheres of influence in that great Oriental empire, by arguments enforced by threats of arms, the American secretary was addressing a courteous diplomatic inquiry regarding the part which the United States was to play in the commercial development of the East. The correspondence just made public shows with what skill the negotiations were conducted to success. The seven great Powers were asked to give to the commercial interests of the United States equal privileges with the rest of the world. They were assured that nothing would be asked from one that was not asked from all, and that no agreement would be final until it was assented to by all.

This delicate stroke of diplomacy had its immediate effect. Each of the great nations was anxious to be first to show its friendship. One after the other, the agreement we sought was entered into, not in the shape of formidable treaties requiring the consent of dilatory Congress, but in the form of official assurances equivalent to the pledges of the respective governments. These agreements explicitly provide that the same tariff shall be levied upon the goods of all nations, including our own, entering the Chinese empire at any port, with equal harbor dues and freight rates upon the merchandise and vessels of all nations in every sphere of influence thus far set apart. This is opening the door freely, equitably, and fairly to the United States, to its merchants, its investors, its trade, and commerce.

The nations that have granted this request expect something in return. First of all, they expect, and they desire, the friendship of this country. Secondly, as Germany has already intimated, they expect an open door in the Philippines and in some of our other colonial possessions. But it is obvious that the concessions made to us in China do not stand on the same footing as the concessions sought for in the Philippines. China is an empire of itself. It is not the property of any other nation. In its partition, therefore, or in the partition of its trade, the United States, as a nation of the first rank, is entitled to have its claims considered. The Philippines are ours, and the future of their trade is a matter for treaty negotiation on the basis of reciprocal advantages.

If we are to open our new colonies to the competition of foreign traders, then Germany and others who ask for the open door must give us reciprocal opportunities in their various colonies. All this opens the way clearly to the development of the policy of reciprocity, a policy advocated with such strenuousness by the late James G. Blaine and enforced with conspicuous success by President Harrison. The expanding trade of our country must have greater foreign outlets, and the greatest of these lie in the possibilities of the Orient. Bearing this in mind, we repeat that we have not yet begun to realize the far-reaching effects of Secretary Hay's splendid stroke of diplomacy.

## The Plain Truth.

No one who knew with what satisfaction President Harrison withdrew from public life, on his retirement from the White House, placed the slightest credit on the rumor that his friends regarded him as a possible candidate before the national convention this year. It was unnecessary for General Harrison to make denial of this rumor, and his intimate friend and political adviser, General L. T. Michener, says as much in a printed interview. With commendable frankness General Michener adds that the renomination of President McKinley will be as logical and imperative in reason and patriotism as was the renomination of Harrison in 1892, because the party must succeed or fail on the popular approval or condemnation of the record made by the McKinley administration. General Michener ventures to make a suggestion to the Republican managers which is both timely and proper, and that is that the long-delayed campaign of education regarding the new questions which have become of paramount importance this year should begin at once.

Evidences multiply that when ex-Senator Gorman skillfully induced the Democratic national committee to postpone the date of the Democratic National Convention, he won a substantial victory for that large and rapidly increasing wing of his party, which, believing in the possibility of Democratic success this fall, with a candidate acceptable to all sections, is disposed to set Bryan aside in favor of one who will unite instead of divide the party. The friends of Bryan, and Bryan himself, were exceedingly anxious to call an early meeting of the national convention. Bryan wanted it held in May, hardly thirty days hence. He realized what must now be apparent to every close observer of public opinion, that the longer the convention was deferred the less his hope of the nomination. It is noticeable that various prominent Democrats who favor a change of issues and candidate, are expressing, in guarded words, their preference for "a new deal" all around. Ex-Governor James E. Campbell, one of the Democratic war-horses of Ohio, is the latest to give out an interview, in which he advises the Democrats to "stick to cardinal Democratic principles," and he adds, "with the right man we may win." Speaking of Ohio, he says that in that State "there will be 150,000 instead of 106,000 third-party votes if McKinley and Bryan run again." The leading Democrats in the East and North are beginning to talk more hopefully of the result in November. As long as they practically gave up the contest, they cared little who the candidate might be, but with a possibility of victory, they are waking up to the importance of framing the strongest platform, and placing upon it the strongest candidate that the convention can find.

Those who are contemplating a visit to the Paris Exposition should not forget that we are to have in our own State of New York, next year, a Pan-American Exposition of international importance. It will open at Buffalo on the first of May, 1901, and close on the first of the November following. The exposition buildings are in course of erection on a scale of magnificence that will surprise the people. The affair will not be local, and this fact has been recognized by the National Editorial Association of the United States, which, at its recent annual meeting, decided to hold its convention next year at Buffalo, during the time of the exposition. Mr. A. O. Bunnell, editor of the Danville *Advertiser*, who was largely instrumental in inducing the national association to fix its next meeting-place at Buffalo, urged the editors of the United States to consider the fact that to the south of us are the Latin republics, which import annually merchandise to the amount of \$400,000,000; that three-fourths of these imports come from Europe—France, England and Germany furnishing the bulk; that the United States is one of the heaviest buyers from these countries, yet we control only a quarter of their commerce; that this condition should not be, and under the new policy of the United States it was expected and believed that within a few years these figures and conditions would be reversed. The editorial association promptly indorsed Mr. Bunnell's suggestive statement and accepted his invitation to meet in Buffalo, and meanwhile will enlighten the American people regarding the character and merits of the great international exhibition which is intended, first of all, to be a Pan-American affair, illustrating the marvelous development of the Western hemisphere during the nineteenth century.

Fear is expressed by some anti-expansionist of disastrous consequences to American interests from the competition of the productions and industries of the Philippines. Senator Depew, in his recent speech on this question, said that the people of the Temperate zones govern all tropical countries outside of the Americas; that the northern races are the migrators, the colonizers, the rulers, and the organizers of the productive energies of the world; that Great Britain and Holland had found their best markets in their colonies, and no invasion of her industries from them. During the last seventy-five years, 17,000,000 of human beings have exiled themselves from home and country in Europe, attracted by our fertile lands, but the exhaustion of these compels us to face the world's problem, and to seek markets as other nations are seeking them, for the surplus of our farms and factories, or to find ourselves confronted with low wages and idleness. "Across the Pacific, within a distance of Manila not much greater than from Havana to New York," said the Senator, "900,000,000 of people live, purchasing from all nations the things which we produce, to the sum of \$1,000,000,000 annually, of which we furnish only five per cent. And yet with our Pacific coast and its enterprising people, the opening of the canal across the isthmus, and an American merchant marine, that five per cent. should be fifty per cent. While other nations, our competitors, are increasing their armies and enlarging their fleets, and waging or inviting wars for the partition of Africa and China, we, by victorious war and triumphant diplomacy, are in our own territory, within easy reach, at Manila, of China, Siam, Korea, Annam, the East Indies, and Japan. In spite of ourselves, we have colonial possessions. And," the eloquent speaker added, "we will insure, with the whole power of the United States, security for life and property, freedom of religion, and the equal and just administration of the law." This is an eloquent presentation of a splendid fact.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

DURING the past two months "the dainty set," as Cubans dub the smart set of Havana, has been greatly interested in a contest of beauty initiated by the weekly *El Figaro*. The votes were registered by subscribers of *El Figaro*, and counted by a committee of prominent society leaders, presided over by Count Fernandina's daughter, Señora Josefina Herrera de Pulido, who obtained the prize for beauty in a contest held six years ago. The winner now is Señorita Silvia Alfonso y Aldama, a daughter of Florida Aldama, who married Cristobal Alfonso, and granddaughter of the well-known patriot, Miguel Aldama, who sacrificed his fort-



SEÑORITA ALFONSO, WINNER OF THE BEAUTY CONTEST OF HAVANA.

me in the Cuban cause during the ten years' war. Silvia Alfonso is a great favorite in society, was born and brought up in Paris, and also resided in New York. Señorita Alfonso is a typical Cuban beauty, with a clear, colorless, olive complexion, beautiful dreamy black eyes, and she is endowed with personal magnetism and charming manners, which draw all hearts toward her. Leading tradespeople will tender costly gifts to the queen of beauty, and poets will sing her charms in impassioned strains. Silvia's most prominent competitors will now become her maids-of-honor and attend her during the functions which will shortly follow.

Hon. Frank Jones, the undisputed Democratic leader of New Hampshire for a quarter of a century, a bosom friend of ex-President Cleveland, and for sixteen years up to 1896 the chairman of the New Hampshire delegation to Democratic national conventions, now considers himself a full-fledged McKinley Republican, and will probably be one of the delegates-at-large from the Granite State to the next Republican National Convention. This is his view of President McKinley: "I knew Mr. McKinley a good many years ago. He and I were in Congress together. He was a Republican and I was a Democrat. He is one of the grandest and best

men I have ever known. For four years we sat less than fifteen feet apart. We dined together two hundred times. He is one of the best men that ever stood in two shoes. He is firm, honest, and upright. Some people and some papers state that he is wavering, and that he tries to dodge public questions. They don't know William McKinley who talk thus. William McKinley knows every minute his position on all the great problems that confront the country and its government. William McKinley is making history every day he lives, and I believe that he deserves to be ranked with such men as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln."

The course of events since the war in South Africa began has brought to the front a number of men representative of the Boer cause in the field of diplomacy as well as of warfare, who have made names for themselves that will live long in history. The charge that the Boers as a people are ignorant and dull-witted certainly does not apply to many of their generals and other public men who have shown themselves fully able to cope with

England's most brilliant and veteran warriors and statesmen. Among these strong men who have been raised up in defense of the Boers must be numbered Dr. Leyds, the diplomatic agent of the Transvaal in Europe. While no European government has given any open or official aid or sympathy to the Boers, it is an understood fact that Dr. Leyds has been able to render the Transvaalers and their allies some highly effective service during his sojourn in various European capitals since the war began. Many sayings and doings have been credited to him which he has taken occasion to deny, for he has from the beginning maintained a discreet and truly diplomatic silence concerning his movements and purposes. It is not doubted that he has found many sympathetic and helpful friends in France, Holland, and Germany, where he has spent most of his time. Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, refused to receive him as a Boer envoy, but he had several interviews with Dutch statesmen in reference to intervention. More recently Dr. Leyds has been in Paris, where he attended a banquet given by Monsieur Delcasse, minister of foreign affairs, to the diplomatic corps. He is credited with saying in a recent interview that the Transvaal Boers will resist the British to the death.

The only office-holder in Kentucky who is untroubled by the political dispute in that State is Miss Margaret Ingels, the clerk of the House of Representatives. She has been rocked since infancy in the cradle of Democracy, and now the appreciation of her loyalty to that party, as shown by her political speeches during the last Presidential campaign, has found fitting expression in the support which Kentucky Democrats unanimously gave her in her election to the office she now holds. Many of her staunch friends are found in the Republican party as well, for her womanly qualities, independence of thought and action, and personal magnetism have made her a favorite with all. Born and reared in the quiet little town of Paris, Ky., she is mounting to an enviable place on the ladder of well-merited fame, and the political world will be stirred by her eloquence as from State to State she will again plead the Democratic cause in the campaign of next fall.

France, the land of Auber, Gounod, Halévy, Saint-Saëns, has produced another musical genius, whose latest work, just produced with enormous success at the Opéra Comique, places him, at the age of thirty-eight, in the front rank of the musical masters. Gustave Charpentier, the author of "Louise," was born in 1862, at Dieuze, in Alsace-Lorraine, and made his first musical studies at Tourcoing, where his youth was passed. Later he entered the Conservatoire at Lille. He showed marked talent for musical composition at a very early age, and being successful in winning a money-prize offered by the city of Tourcoing, he went to Paris with the money and was at once admitted to the Conservatoire, where he became a pupil of Massenet. He carried off the *grand prix de Rome* at his first concours, in 1887. In the first work he sent from Rome, "La Vie du Poète," a musical drama, which was first produced at the Opéra, and which has since remained in the répertoire of the great symphony concerts, Gustave Charpentier revealed great poetic gifts, as well as marked originality and power for musical composition; and his later works, "Impressions d'Italie," "Fleurs du Mal," "Impressions Fausse," confirmed this opinion. "Louise," his latest triumph, shows to a marked degree the influence of Richard Wagner, but it is a new Wagner, or rather the Wagnerian method, with all its symbolism and mysticism, adapted to modern book. The work is certainly one of the most curious manifestations of art that has been produced on the stage for many years. The libretto is both grave and gay, cruelly ironical and intensely powerful and human. But the true significance of the work lies in its wonderful music. The general motif is Paris, the city of joy and sorrow. In a brief prelude, the orchestra passionately sets forth the love theme, an ascending and descending arpeggio, now in a major, now in a minor, key, to which slowly and gravely responds the paternal motif. A young man is seen bidding farewell to a maiden standing at the window of a laborer's cottage. Julien has asked for Louise's hand, but her parents do not want her to marry an artist. She promises to elope with him. The scene changes to Paris—the Paris of Emile Zola. In the orchestra are heard the cries of the streets of the great capital. Sweepers, rag-pickers, outcasts, children pass and re-pass across the public square, still enveloped in the early morning mist. A man attired in black flits about, whispering to the young girls. He is the noctambulist, symbolical of the pleasure of Paris. As he moves away, a rag-picker—whose daughter he once spoke as he is now speaking to these girls—shakes his fist at him. Another character, symbolical of vice in the great city, is a decrepit old woman who once rolled in her carriage and is now a chiffonnier. She represents the eternal procurer. Gradually the day grows, the shadows disappear, and the work-girls and men pass by on their way to their daily toil. Louise, at the door of her work-shop, stands listening to the vocal symphony, the cries of awakening Paris: "La Caneus!" "Rac modeus de chais!"



DR. WILLIAM LEYDS, THE FAMOUS DIPLOMATIC AGENT OF THE TRANSVAAL.

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"Marchand d'chiffons!" "Artichauts, de gros artichauts!" "Achetez des balais!" accompanied by the flute of the goat-herds. This song of life Louise cannot resist and she falls into Julien's arms. Then comes the hymn of passion, triumph, happiness, suddenly to be interrupted by the tragic news that Louise's father is dying of grief. Julien consents to his mistress returning to the paternal roof on condition that she return to him. The father wants to keep his child, and curses him who stole her. But the voices of the city are again sweeping through the orchestra, calling and retaking possession of her. The old man, furious, turns her from his door; then, too late, runs after her and calls her back, finally abandoned and heartbroken, sinking to his knees, shaking his fist at Paris, the eternally gay and cruel city.

The first man to make a disclosure concerning the assassin of Senator Goebel was Sergeant F. Wharton Golden, a young officer of the State militia, a Republican, and hitherto a trusted friend of Governor Taylor and his party associates. Golden's statement was to the effect that a plot was formed by prominent Republicans to kill enough members of the State Legislature to reduce the Democratic majority, and he purported to give the conversation of one John Powers, in which Powers had told him that they had hired "Tallow Dick" Combs and a negro named Hockersmith to kill Goebel.

According to Golden the victim was to have been assassinated really took place on Monday, the day before the election, but the negro Combs had the wrong key to the office from which the deed was done. The testimony of Sergeant Golden has not been accepted as conclusive. It is asserted on the part of the accused persons that Golden has been picked out to make these statements in order that some of the \$100,000 reward may be secured. At last accounts Golden was being kept under close guard at his own request because he feared vengeful action on the part of the friends he had betrayed.

It is something to be proud of to have had one's portrait painted by the great Madrazo; but it is even more flattering to one's vanity to have the wonderful Spanish artist say that one's beauty is peerless. Miss Florence Rice, of Washington, has thus been doubly honored, for Madrazo painted her picture, and declared also that she was the prettiest girl he had ever painted. The portrait was recently exhibited with the other portraits by Madrazo at one of the Fifth Avenue galleries, and one could easily agree to Miss Rice's charms when looking at it. Miss Rice is just twenty years of age and has dark blue eyes and a brilliant coloring.

MISS FLORENCE RICE, ONE OF AMERICA'S HANDSOMEST WOMEN.

She is very tall and superbly formed, and dresses with exquisite taste. She has divided her life between Washington and Europe until recently, when she has been in New York.

The subject of this sketch, Mr. John S. Curtis, of Ludlow, Penn., claims to be the youngest Shriner and Thirty-second Degree Mason in the United States. This is equivalent to saying that he is the youngest Shriner in the world, the prerequisites of membership in the countries of Europe being such that no applicant for the order can pass through the councils of Masonry which are in amity with and recognized by the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine in the brief space of time covered in conferring the degrees upon this applicant. Mr. Curtis is not yet twenty-two years of age. His application for Masonic membership was presented in May, 1899, when he became of age, and he was made a Thirty-second

degree Mason of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite at Pittsburgh Consistory on November 24th, of the same year. On the 13th of December he was made a Noble of the Mystic Shrine at Zem Zem Temple, Erie, Penn. Zem Zem is the name of a famous Arabic well in Mecca. The Temple by this name has been organized nine years, and now has a membership of 596, claiming to have made the greatest gain of any Temple in the United States during the past five years. To the Imperial Council, which meets at Washington in May, Mr. Curtis has recently been named as a delegate.



MISS MARGARET INGELS, A FAVERED KENTUCKY OFFICE-HOLDER.



SERGEANT F. WHARTON GOLDEN, WHO TOLD ABOUT THE GOEBEL ASSASSINATION.



FRANK JONES, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, A POLITICAL SURPRISE.

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GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER, THE FAMOUS NEW MUSICAL MASTER.

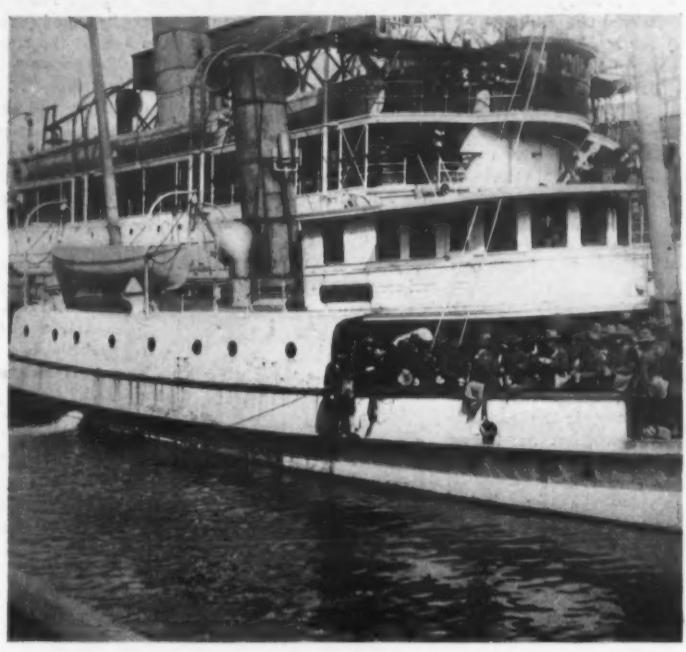


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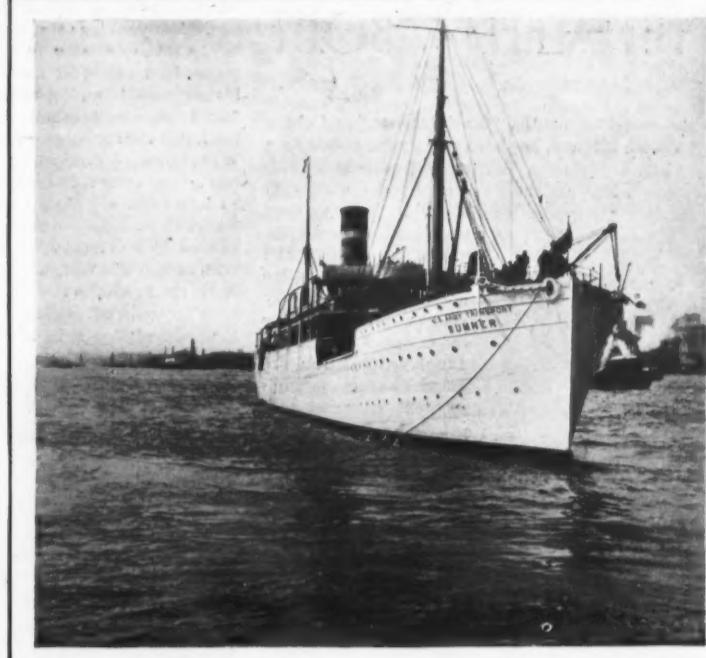


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SMUGGLING WHISKEY ABOARD THE TUG JUST BEFORE GOING ABOARD THE TRANSPORT.



THE TRANSPORT "SUMNER," THE FINEST TROOP-SHIP IN THE WORLD, STARTING FROM BROOKLYN FOR MANILA, MARCH 31ST, WITH A THOUSAND ENLISTED MEN.



DISTRIBUTING THE LAST MAIL—OFFICERS TOSSING LETTERS TO THE MEN BELOW.



RELATIVES AND FRIENDS WAVING THEIR LAST FAREWELLS.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE UNITED STATES TRANSPORT "SUMNER" FOR MANILA.

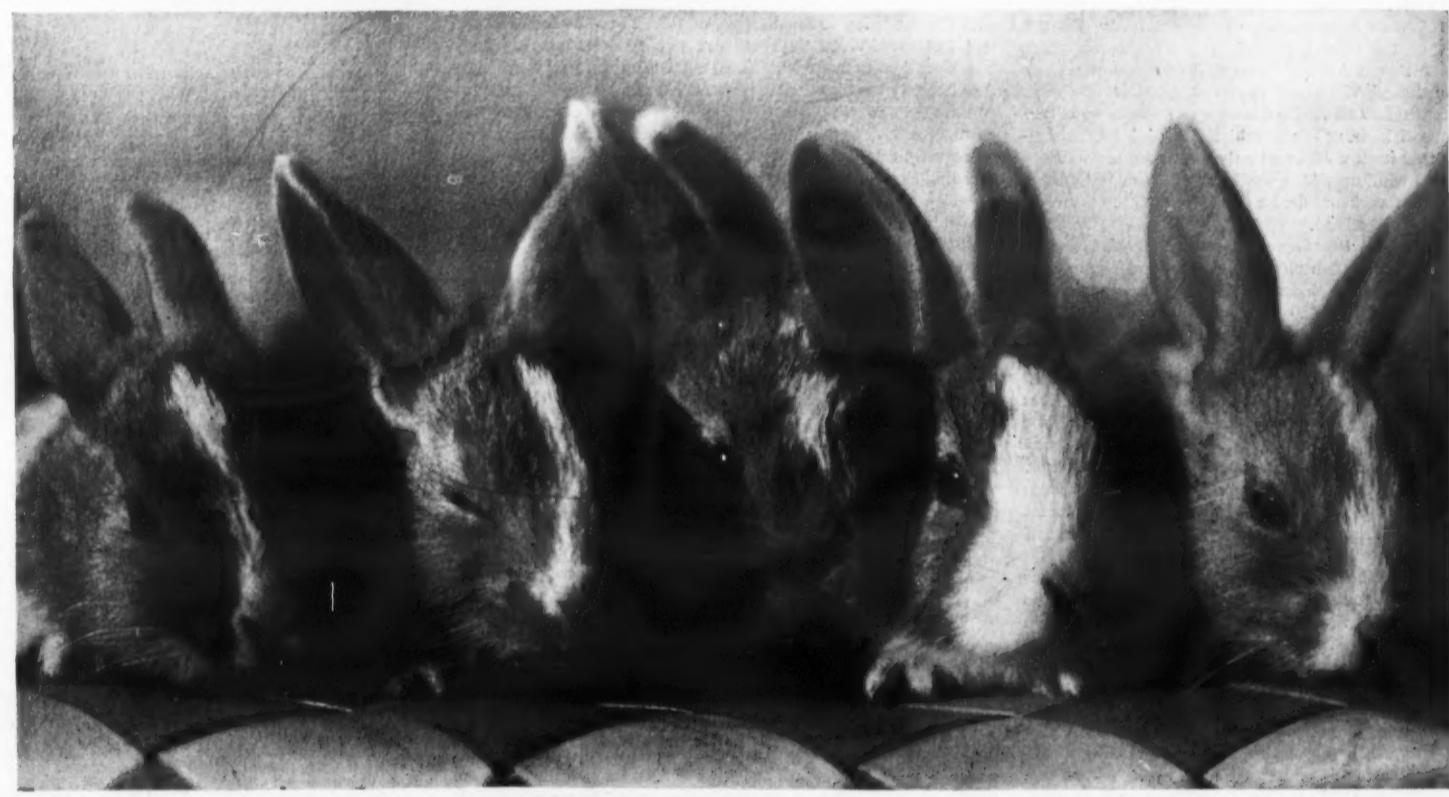
THIS TROOP-SHIP COST NEARLY \$1,500,000, AND REPORTS OF ITS EXTRAVAGANT FURNISHINGS LED TO A DEMAND IN CONGRESS FOR AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION.



AN EASTER EPISODE—WHY THE HENS DIDN'T LAY.—John W. Dunn,  
St. Louis, Mo.



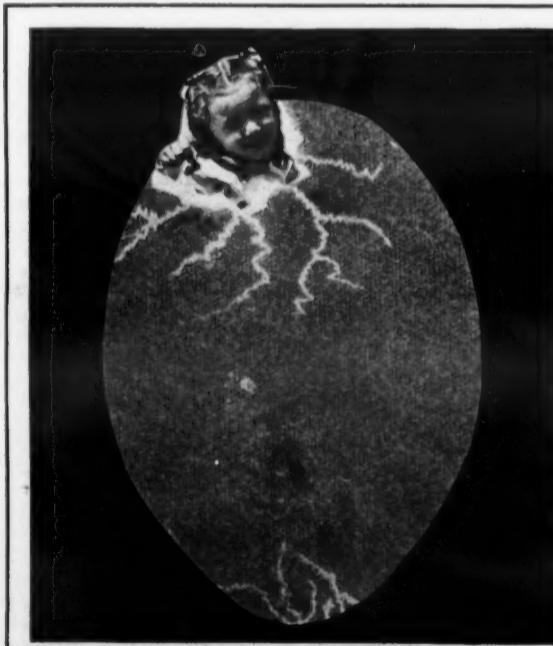
HIS EASTER PRESENT.—N. Pomeroy, Jr., Lockport, N. Y.



(THE PRIZE WINNER.) FIVE EASTER BUNNIES.—Josephine H. McCorkle, West Newton, Mass.



"YOU ONLY LAID ME ONE EASTER EGG! SEE?"—L. E. Offutt, Memphis, Tenn.



AN EASTER OPENING.—Carrie Hodgman, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

**OUR SPECIAL EASTER PRIZE AMATEUR CONTEST.—MASSACHUSETTS WINS.**

[SEE ANNOUNCEMENT OF SPECIAL PRIZE FOR PARIS EXPOSITION PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGE 290.]

## AWFUL BUTCHERY BY FILIPINOS OF DEFENSELESS AMERICAN PRISONERS.

THE CORRESPONDENT OF "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" GIVES THE FIRST PARTICULARS OF A BLOODY AND INFAMOUS CRIME—  
SOLDIERS STARVED, TORTURED, SHOT AND HACKED TO DEATH.

By C. Fred Ackerman, Special Correspondent for "Leslie's Weekly."

MAGALANG, LUZON, March 1st, 1900.—Old Mount Ariat is a peculiar rocky formation, any way. It looks like a sugar-loaf from a distance. Rising from absolutely level ground on all sides, it reaches a height of several thousand feet, the jagged edge on the summit plainly telling that it forms the bowl of an extinct crater. The natives say that two men once reached the top. They found sulphur springs and lava that had not cooled.

Ever since the Filipino insurgents began to rebel, Mount Ariat, because of the many natural hiding-places it afforded and the impenetrable nature of its underbrush, has been the rendezvous of a part of the insurgent army. This is merely a prelude to a chapter which awakened untold horror in the United States.

One of the most devilish crimes of the Philippine campaign, so atrocious that it raised a cry of horror even among the most ardent sympathizers of the revolution in Manila, was committed by a regiment of rebels at Camansi on January 6th, almost in the presence of a battalion of United States troops. Five American soldiers, prisoners in the hands of General Akino on Mount Ariat, were shot without mercy and butchered with bolas. To complete the catastrophe the rebels escaped without an opportunity being afforded our men to avenge the butchery.

I can hardly term it good fortune that I was the only newspaper man on the scene. It was through the courtesy of Brigadier-General Frederick D. Grant that I accompanied an expedition to Magalang, where a part of his brigade, the gallant Twenty-fifth Colored Regiment, under that redoubtable old warrior, General Andy S. Burt, was to make reconnaissance on an outpost of the enemy located on an eminence which formed a part of Mount Ariat. General Burt's command was resting at Magalang. We called it a rest, but hardly a week passed that Captain Leo H. A. Leonhauser did not have a battalion on the road looking for trouble. General Burt's regiment had acquitted itself nobly, and only waited an opportunity to make a general wind-up which would include the destruction of General Akino's forces and deal a death-blow to the insurrection in that part of the island.

It was on January 3d that General Grant received information to the effect that five American prisoners were confined in the insurgent barracks on Mount Ariat. He also heard that Akino had from 1,000 to 1,500 men, and all armed. Mount Ariat is four miles east of Magalang and eight miles east of Angeles, General Grant's headquarters. Angeles is fifty miles from Manila, on the Manila and Dagupan Railroad. The bandits have been pretty active in this vicinity, and the natives who have accepted civil government fear that the troops will be withdrawn and leave them to the mercy of the outlaws, who only wait a chance to punish the peaceably inclined Filipinos. It has been hard matter to secure information, so when General Grant finally heard of the state of affairs on Mount Ariat he lost no time in making his arrangements for the capture of Akino and his men.

General Burt was the man for the undertaking, and was ordered to make a reconnaissance on Ariat and develop the outposts of the enemy. This he did without firing a shot. On January 6th Captain H. A. Leonhauser was ordered to reconnoiter the position again, but not to engage the enemy if it was possible to avoid it. It was four o'clock when the battalion quickly fell into line and struck silently into the night. The colored troops knew their mission and with great glee they struck out over the dusty roads for the mountain four miles to the east. It is well to leave the command here and go back two days, when Lieutenant Carl A. Martin, of the Twenty-fifth, with several scouts, located a blind trail leading up into the mountain. This trail was so obstructed with underbrush and fallen trees thrown across the path by the insurgents that it was a superhuman task to make progress over it. But Lieutenant Martin located the outpost of the rebels, and it was up this dangerous trail that the hardy boys of the Twenty-fifth slowly made their way.

The still morning air was torn by a volley from rifles in the hands of a strong outpost of insurgents. There was no chance to retire. Volley followed volley. The fire had been high, but the insurgents began to get the range, and at 200 yards the firing became terrific. Corporal Morgan T. Washington, of B company, was on the point, and fell forward on his face. He had taken aim at a sharpshooter in a neighboring tree and had been hit before he could pull the trigger. A volley from the advance guard followed a cry of rage from the colored soldiers who saw Washington fall, and the rebel paid for Washington's wound with his life. He fell fifty feet, his body striking limb after limb in its downward flight until he struck the ground with a thud that could be heard above the noise of the battle. The fire of the rebels was hot while it lasted, but as usual the insurgents fell back and were lost to sight in a few minutes. Privates Quarles and Harvey had been badly wounded. Quarles was shot through both insteps. He calmly sat with his back against a tree while he used his "first aid" package in binding up his wounds. Harvey was shot in the head, the bullet plowing along the top and leaving a wound an inch deep. The thickness of his skull saved him. "Dat's a hard head for the insurgents to crack," he was heard to say as we went by.

The nature of the ground prevented rapid advance in the direction taken by the insurgents, and a running fire was kept up until our men reached the top of the ridge, where it was easy going. The insurgents had crossed a ridge and were only dim figures in the distance, some of them climbing up the sides of the mountain with the agility of goats. From the ridge the barracks of the rebels could be seen 200 yards away, and with a cheer the men were led by Captain Leonhauser across the narrow ridge. They were still cheering when they reached the plateau, but the cries of satisfaction died upon their lips. For the first time they had seen the terrible cost of victory.

It was a sight that will live in the memories of all who wit-

nessed it while life lasts. There have been engagements on the island where the loss of life has been much greater, but no incident of the campaign more clearly emphasizes the savagery of the natives than the mutilation of five American prisoners. Four of them lay on the ground in different positions, covered with blood. One was dead, another dying rapidly, while the agonizing condition of two more was such that death might be expected at any moment. The Americans who suffered so horribly at the hands of their captors were:

Charles Brown, private, Company B, Ninth Infantry. Home at Fort Scott, Kan. Shot through abdomen and in right temple. Bolo-wounds chest, legs, head, and arms. Brown was dead when the battalion reached him.

Charles A. Cook, Company B, Ninth Infantry. Home at Haverhill, Mass. Shot through abdomen and chest. Also from right angle of lower jaw through head while he lay on the ground. Bolo-wounds in several parts of his body. Cook died in an hour.

Joseph P. Cook, private, Company B, Ninth Infantry. Home at Homesburg, Penn. Two penetrating wounds in breast made by Remington bullets. Bolo-wounds on neck and legs. Died five days later.

Edward A. Norval, private, Company B, Twelfth Infantry. Home at Gordon City, Mo. Shot through right groin, left thigh, right leg. Abrasion from bullet across stomach. Also suffered severe bolo-wounds on body and legs. There is a chance of Norval's complete recovery.

Christian Peterson, commissary sergeant, Twelfth Infantry. Home in Denmark. Shot through right thigh. Has chance of recovery.

Joseph Cook, between gasps for breath, explained that at the first volley Peterson had fallen over an embankment, and would doubtless be found in a ravine fifty to sixty feet below. They found him, and it was a superhuman task to move the wounded man to the plateau upon which his dead and dying friends rested. The condition of the men was awful. They had been starved and ill-treated since their capture two months before. They had been denied water and food until they were so weak they could hardly stand when they were led out to be executed. It was a hard matter to question them, but after their wounds had been dressed, Joseph Cook, one of the most badly wounded, insisted upon relating the experiences of the day. The previous morning they had been taken, on Akino's orders, from the house in which they were imprisoned and been compelled to kneel before a firing-party. After undergoing the most awful mental anguish for several minutes they were taken back to the jail, with the information that if the American troops attacked the barracks they would be shot. Cook told the story in these words:

I didn't care much whether they killed me or not. Akino had misused us so often and had starved us so much that I prayed for death. Why, we have only had a handful of rice a day for two weeks. I was big and strong, but this treatment soon reduced me to a state where I thought my mind was failing. We were not allowed to bathe. They kept us in a filthy hole, and sometimes we suffered for a drink of water. This was all on account of Akino's orders. Some of the natives tried to be kind to us, but Akino would punish them. It was awful, I tell you, and growing worse until this morning, when we heard firing and knew that we were doomed. At the first volley some of our guards came to our house and dragged us into the open. I wanted to break and run for it, but was too weak. They were all yelling and excited like. Before we knew what it was all about they told us to kneel down. We could not help it, and did as we were told. As I was going down on my knees and praying God to take my soul, I heard Peterson say: "I'll be d—d if I kneel down. If I've got to die I'm going to die standing up." Just then they began firing. I felt a great pain in my chest, and fell over. It seemed that somebody had struck me over the breast with a ball-bat. Then I heard yelling and firing, and closed my eyes when I saw that Brown had been killed and mutilated. I woke up again to see these colored soldiers around us. They looked like Filipinos, and I thought they had come back to torture us. Oh, doctor!

Cook sank back, while Lieutenant John J. Gilhuley, acting assistant surgeon of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, cared for him. I want to add that Gilhuley's work on this day and the succeeding days the injured men were in his care should earn for him a medal of honor. Besides caring for his own wounded men, he looked after the white boys with devotion and tenderness. Gilhuley had barely time to attend Joseph Cook when he was called to Charles A. Cook, who was in danger of dropping off at any moment. Dr. Gilhuley took the boy's hand in his very tenderly as he asked: "Is there any word you wish to send to your mother?"

Horribly mangled beyond all hope of recovery, suffering excruciating agony, Cook looked into the doctor's eyes as he huskily replied:

"Why, I haven't got to die, have I, doctor?"

Already the hand of death was extended for him and closing every second. Cook's eyes were swimming now, and his lips were murmuring—perhaps a prayer. Dr. Gilhuley bent closer as he raised his voice. "I am afraid you have. Is there any word you wish to send to your mother?"

Cook gathered himself. He shook off death for an instant and his voice grew strong. "Well, if I have got to die you can tell my mother that I—I—I died—like—a—soldier." With that his head fell to one side and he was dead.

Strong men cried. Those strong, stalwart colored soldiers, who have been used to roughing it about the world, stole off to one side to wipe their eyes. Everybody cried. No one could help it. The scene was heartrending. This boy gave up his life so bravely, and the three still left alive were close enough to appreciate the tragedy and feel that they might be called next. It was a solemn crowd that looked upon Cook as his body was covered with a blanket.

There was work to do if the other wounded men would live. Lieutenant Martin was sent to Magalang for ambulance-wagons, and they were not long in reaching the scene of the tragedy. To transport the wounded to the rear seemed an impossible feat, and only the perseverance and tenacity of purpose displayed by Lieutenant Gilhuley and the officers of the command made the effort successful. It was a long ride to Magalang, though the distance was short. It was five o'clock before the command entered the town and Generals Grant and Burt were ready for the details of the expedition. Then it was General Grant sent his report to Manila, and twenty-four hours later the people of the United States read the story of the butchery.

Christian Peterson was best able to tell the tale of the capture of the men and the treatment they received at the hands of the insurgents. He was suffering, but this did not prevent him

from devoting an hour to the tale. Peterson owes his life to his quickness of thought. When he refused to kneel before the firing-party he had a well-defined plan in mind. When the volley rang out he felt the bullet tear through his thigh, and he fell to the ground. Then he started to roll toward the embankment. He knew it was safer to attempt a fall to the bottom of the ravine than to expect mercy. The shock of the fall was terrific, but he recovered his senses and mustered up strength to drag himself into a clump of bushes. He lay there fifteen minutes, and then heard voices from the top of the plateau. He could not tell whether they were from friends or enemies, and he finally lost consciousness. Cook informed the rescuing party that Peterson had fallen over the cliff, and they found him where he lay. Peterson and Norval were captured at Capas, November 13th. The three members of the Ninth fell into the hands of the rebels at or near Tarlac, November 23d. It is best to let Peterson tell the story. He said to me:

I can't believe that I am among friends and with a hope of recovering my health. It seems such a long time since I had enough to eat. No man has undergone more than I went through. It seems an age since the day I wandered off with Norval after chickens and felt the cold steel of the bolo on my cheek. We had left the camp about ten minutes behind, and were bent on capturing chickens, when we were set upon unawares. The insurgents tried to kill us there, and when they found our wounds were not fatal they took us prisoners and tried to stanch the blood that flowed in streams from our wounds. I had a bolo-cut over the left eye, and was cut on the thigh. Norval had been wounded in several places and knocked unconscious with the flat end of a bolo. We were miles away from the boys of the good Twelfth when we recovered, and then began the harshest treatment imaginable. They insulted us at every step, allowed us to communicate with no one, and ended with starving us to that state where it was only a question of a few days when we must fall in our tracks and submit to the bolo.

We were in several towns, and about three weeks ago they took us to the barracks on Mount Ariat. The Americans reconnoitered that position, and this inflamed the insurgents to madness. You do not know what it means to be fed upon a handful of rice a day. They gave us nothing more. We were dying of thirst and begged for water, and they laughed at us. We met the Cooks and Brown at Camansi, the name of the barrio, and they were treated as badly as we. We five were finally thrown into a dirty hut, and they insisted upon keeping us alive that they might torture us. One of the most fiendish was a woman, who came once or twice a week from Manila. She was attired in the finest clothes, and seemed to take delight in seeing us suffer. She came from Manila, and had a pass signed by a high government official. One of the guards told us that it was she who supplied Akino and Aguinaldo with information. I will meet her yet and turn her over to the authorities.

From strong and active men we fell away to mere skeletons. During the day we sat with staring eyes watching the door which would admit the article of food with which they provided us. Finally our stomachs rebelled against the food, and we were getting thinner and thinner. Brown and Joseph Cook tried to make friends with their captors, that we might be treated better. They were looking for a chance to escape. They even volunteered to fight for the insurgents, but were laughed at. Akino is shrewd. The agony continued until the morning before the American advance. Then they saw Lieutenant Martin's scouting party and came to us in great haste. We could barely drag our poor bones to the door. They fell upon us and dragged us to the center of the plateau, where they compelled us to kneel. We could not refuse.

But the Americans did not attack, and we were again thrust into our filthy prison. Oh, how I would have enjoyed bath that minute! They allowed us no water to bathe in, and barely enough to quench our thirst. I thought I should go mad that night.

It seemed that daylight would never come. To cheer up our drooping spirits they told us that in the event of an attack by the colored troops they would kill us. Like a clap of thunder the first volley from the Americans echoed through the mountains the morning of January 6th. A mist came before my eyes and I looked to see the fear of death upon my companions' faces. They were brave boys and awaited their doom with unfaltering courage. Shutting their teeth I heard them say, "Let them come."

It was not long. A villainous guard opened the door and yelled to us to come out. We could not refuse. The firing from the outposts was growing hotter. While we stood there I saw the insurgents carry five dead and wounded insurgents across the plateau. Their loss seemed to enrage them. They called for a firing-party. Some of the rebels refused and turned their backs upon the lieutenant who gave the order. Akino had died, after telling his inferior officer to do the work. The lieutenant raged and swore. Finally ten men confronted us with rifles, and we were told to kneel. We were surrounded by a hundred yelling demons. If I had to die I was going to die standing up, and I said so with an oath.

It was an awful moment. But I tell you we five looked into the muzzles of those guns with erect heads and with not a tremor of our lips. We were going to die like Americans. I did not see an eyelid quiver. The Cooks smiled, as if to welcome death that was surely coming, and I thought of home and my mother. I know the others did. The volley was fired and we were writhing on the ground. Then I saw a mass of fiends pour down upon us, and I rolled over the cliff to save my life. Before I went over the embankment they had attacked my comrades with bolas, and were cutting them horribly. The last thing I saw was a brute putting a rifle against Charley Cook's jaw. He pulled the trigger, and the bullet came out of Cook's temple. Not satisfied with this, he attacked him with his bolo, and the doctor tells me he left some awful wounds. That's all I know. God give me life and strength that I may carry a rifle in the attack that is sure to be made upon Akino some day.

Dr. Gilhuley came up at this point and ordered rest for his patient. Peterson closed his eyes and fell into instant slumber. It was here that Dr. Gilhuley touched me lightly on the arm.

"This boy is nearly done for. Come with me," he said, and led me to Joseph Cook's cot. The little fellow—he could not have been over nineteen years of age—lay there without a murmur. Two gaping wounds in his breast had been treated, but a search could not develop the Remington bullets that lay some where in his lungs. The doctor told him frankly that he could not live. Like the other Cook he shut his teeth for an instant and a smile played over his pale features. He looked so utterly worn and wan that it was pitiful to see him. "I am soldier," he said, grimly. "Send word to my mother that I died like one."

Cook lived for several days, but there was never a chance of his recovery. Norval was in a bad way, and Dr. Gilhuley had only hope for Peterson, though at this writing Norval may recover. He is by no means out of danger. As I look over the events of that day I cannot but feel that the most severe measures must be dealt out to Akino and his men. It is common rumor in the Twenty-fifth that they will take no more prisoners.

### Eight American Beauties.

HANDSOME prints on heavy paper, suitable for framing, of the "American Girl" series, which have been running through LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and which include the "Foot-ball," "Golf," "Sporting," "Yachting," "Summer," "Horse," "Bicycle," and "Society Girl," are offered in portfolio form, inclosed in an envelope, the eight for 50 cents. Each picture is eleven and one half by nine inches in size, and suitable for framing, thus making a most acceptable holiday, birthday, or souvenir gift. Address LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## Joubert, the "Brains" of the Boers.

THE GALLANT GENERAL WHO DIED AT PRETORIA, MARCH 20TH—A BRILLIANT STRATEGIST AND LEADER—GENERAL BOTHA HIS SUCCESSOR.

MEN have risen now and then in the world who, by reason of their extraordinary gifts, natural and acquired, have been

in their individual capacities and powers worth more to a great cause than whole battalions. Such a man, in his time, was Washington, and in our later struggle for the Union was Lincoln. To this order also, apparently, belonged the late General Joubert, the noble, heroic, and masterful leader of the Boers. In his death the Boers have evidently sustained a defeat far more crushing than that at Paardeberg or Bloemfontein, for they can raise other armies and make new fortifications, but they will not find another military leader to equal the gallant Joubert.

To him they owed the famous and historic victory at Majuba Hill, and it was

owing to his brilliant strategy and marvelous capacity for the rapid movement of men that the British suffered so many surprising and unexpected disasters during the first months of the present war. He led the Boer forces or directed their movements at Glencoe, Stormberg, and Magersfontein, where the British advance was turned back with heavy losses. He is credited also with the arrangement of the "traps" at Spion Kop and at other points, into which so many of the British walked to death or imprisonment.

General Joubert's great abilities were no less conspicuous in times of peace than in days of war. While he was a Boer to

the marrow, born and nurtured in all the traditions of the *veldt*, with an inbred and life-long hatred of all things British, he was more broad-minded and farsighted than President Krüger and others of his political associates, and had his counsels been heeded England probably would have found no provocation for the present war, and the Boer republics would not have been threatened with early and utter extinction, as

they are to-day. He was the acknowledged leader of the conservative element of the Boers, and favored the extension of larger rights and privileges to the Uitlanders, and a more generous and progressive policy generally in the government of the Transvaal.

As State attorney, and also as Vice-President of the South African Republic for a long period, Joubert was able to make his influence felt in a large and positive way among his countrymen. Twice he came near defeating Paul Krüger as a candidate for the Presidency, but these political rivalries apparently made no difference in the relations existing between the two men, which to the last were of the most intimate, cordial, and trustful nature. While he favored a further appeal to diplomacy, and believed that by such means the war might have been averted, when he was overruled and the conflict began, as commander-in-chief of the Boer armies he threw himself into the struggle with all the ardor of his great soul.

It was owing chiefly to Joubert's foresight, it is said, that the Boer artillery was brought to a state of excellence which has surprised the world, and that the military arrangements and preparations generally were made on a scale of which the British evidently had no adequate conception. It was under his orders that every man in the Transvaal had his equipment ready at home. Every man was pledged to appear at an appointed spot at a given summons. To mobilize the entire force of the republic when the hour came, Joubert found it necessary, it is said, to send out only seventeen telegrams addressed to the heads of the seventeen military departments into which he had divided the republic. In the almost incredible space of forty-eight hours from the time the summons was given, he had an army ready for the march. This was generalship as rare as any the world has ever seen.

Like his able subordinate, General Cronje, the commander-in-chief was a small man in comparison with the majority of his countrymen. He was only about five feet ten inches in height,

but was solidly built. He was a typical Boer in hardihood and endurance, as strong as an ox and capable of marching and fighting night and day when necessary. His last and fatal illness was said to be his first, and that was brought on only after weeks of exposure, hard riding, and a strain of care and anxiety such as even his lion heart and sturdy frame could not endure.

General Joubert's successor as commander-in-chief is reported to be General Botha. If so, it is doubtful if the choice could have fallen on a better man. General Botha has shown his abilities as a leader on several occasions since this war began, and notably at Game Tree Fort, near Mafeking, where he led the British into an engagement early in December last which resulted in an overwhelming defeat for them and the annihilation of nearly all the attacking force. Commandant Botha later figured prominently in the investment of Ladysmith. He is only thirty-five years old, and is a shrewd and sagacious leader and an intrepid fighter.

### The Bugler's Easter Carol.

THE troops were grimly waiting  
For the battle to begin,  
For the Maxims and the Mausers  
Our ranks and file to thin,  
When a striping of a bugler,  
A boy of twenty years,  
Struck up an Easter carol  
That filled our eyes with tears.  
  
For all of us remembered  
That it was Easter Day,  
From the pale and awkward "rookie"  
To the colonel scarred and gray.  
Krag-Jørgensens were grounded  
And swords half-sheathed again,  
Eyes front, and at attention,  
We heard the glad refrain.  
  
Gone were the clustered palm-trees,  
The cane and cocoanuts,  
The débris of the camp-fires,  
The squalid native huts.  
Through rows of painted windows  
We saw the morning's fire,  
The beauty of the lilies,  
The white robes of the choir.  
  
With hope immortal ringing,  
The music rose and fell;  
It made the joy of Easter  
In every bosom swell.  
The gates of gold and sapphire  
Unfolded on our view,  
With all our risen comrades  
In glory marching through.  
  
But even while we listened  
The foe was taking aim;  
Across the rainy rice-fields  
A whistling bullet came.  
We left him in the cane-brake  
With blue and sightless eyes,  
But we knew our bugler's carol  
Was finished in the skies.

MINNA IRVING.

### Queer Scenes in the Philippines.

(From the Special Photographer of "Leslie's Weekly.")

MANILA, March 5th.—Among the photographs sent you this day you will find some showing the peculiar customs of the "Tagalos," the Filipinos, as well as some showing the natives of the better class. Upon my arrival at Cavite, the naval station and very ancient town in front of which Dewey's famous naval engagement occurred, I was much amused to see native wearing his blouse (shirt) outside his trousers, and a shining black "high hat" on his head. I found this was a gentleman of some prominence in the town, and that he was in the height of good style. While I doubt that this style will ever become popular with Americans, even while in the tropics, it certainly has an advantage over the European custom. For, wearing the blouse in this way you feel fully twenty per cent. cooler than if clothed in American style in this hot, damp atmosphere. Some of these blouses are made of that extraordinarily fine, loose fabric, *pina* cloth, which is woven from the pineapple fibre, and even of a medium quality is very expensive. It is lighter in weight than any other fabric, and woven with an open mesh, permitting free circulation of the air. You will notice this cloth on the waist of the lady in the picture with the Filipino officers, who are natives of Angeles, sixty miles north of Manila.

This family group gives you a very good idea of the better class of Filipinos (the Tagals), who live quietly, lead a refined life, are very musical, and otherwise quite highly educated. One must not judge the Filipino from the followers of Aguinaldo, for they do not represent the better element, nor yet the majority.

In San Fernando I saw the first native funeral. The corpse was wrapped in a large cloth and then tied to a pole, which was carried on the shoulders of two men to the cemetery, which, in San Fernando, once the headquarters of the Aguinaldo army, is just outside our line of outposts. All natives who wish to leave the city must permit their bundles to be opened and examined. A sentry halted the funeral procession shown in the photograph and had

sufficient of the cloth removed to prove that a corpse was being carried and not provisions or ammunition, which the natives attempt to smuggle to the insurgents in so many ways.

There is a kindly feeling between the American soldier and the natives. One often sees them in groups together enjoying a smoke. The women smoke as much as the men, and prefer cigars, while the men like cigarettes. One of the queerest customs is the way the women carry their children—astride their hips. Not in one instance did I see a woman carry a child in her arms.

E. C. ROST.

### Pitfalls of Assessment Insurance.

THE advice that I have constantly given against joining assessment associations of any kind is strengthened by the experience of the former members of the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association, which has been merged into the Northwestern Life of Chicago. Long after these members dropped out of the association they received notice that they must pay their share of the assessments for the losses of the company occurring while their insurance was in force and before they ceased to be members. As the claims of the association aggregate nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, it will be seen that these members were exposed to considerable hardship. But when they entered the assessment association they obligated themselves to pay their proportion of the losses. The promise of cheaper insurance than that which is given by the old-line companies was the inducement that led them to become members of the assessment concern. They now realize that it would have been far better if they had paid the more liberal premiums demanded by the old-line companies, and could feel the assurance not only that they could not be assessed, but that their policies had a certain and fixed value which increased from year to year. It is the old story, and I am glad to know that many of my readers are beginning to understand the lesson that I have sought to teach.

"A. R. F., Bay City, Mich.: I would prefer the Equitable of New York to the Fidelity Mutual of Philadelphia.

"Mother," Knoxville, Tenn.: Your husband's income justifies an expenditure of \$200 a year for life insurance, presuming that you have correctly stated his circumstances. If it is impossible to induce him to save money, your best hope is to get him to take out a life-insurance policy. I know of no better way by which you can make the provision you seek for yourself and your children.

"C. H. C., Vergennes, Vt.: I advise you to submit your question directly to the life-insurance company chiefly interested. Such comparative statements can be given you by the agents of almost any company. Of course there is always an explanation that can be made. The one that applies to this particular case will no doubt be given you if you will ask your local agent of the New York Life, whom it specially interests.

"R., Marion, O.: The Fraternal Life Association, of Columbus, is an assessment fraternal association, and I have already very clearly stated my opinion of such organizations. The history of life insurance is strewn with the wrecks of fraternal assessment societies, every one of which started out with the assurance that it proposed to do business on a new and cheap plan, to take the place of the old-fashioned costly life insurance. I have not changed my mind in reference to this matter. I believe that the safest insurance is to be found in the old-line companies, and the mere fact that many of the assessment concerns in late years have changed the character of their business, abandoned the assessment principle and taken up the more expensive, more satisfactory, and more permanent old-line system, is proof that the latter plan has the greater basis of merit and security.

*The Hermit.*

### A Surprise for the Census-Taker.

HERE is a photograph from out of the lusty Northwest that will make Census Director Merriam smile with satisfaction—unless, perchance, remembering that he is a St. Paul man, he notes that the family here pictured lives in his home city's old rival, Minneapolis. There are nine boys in the Charland family, and there would have been eleven if death had not come to the oldest and the youngest but one. Joseph Charland, the father, is a French Canadian by birth, while his wife was born in Ireland. They were married in 1883. They have thrifly solved their problem of domestic economy, although the father, as a packer in a large wholesale hardware establishment, earns but \$10 a week. The oldest lad is thirteen, and the tot of the family is seven months old. Six of the boys are in various rooms of the Longfellow School, and the others will go as fast as they are old enough. Charland declares that all shall have good educations before being obliged to earn their own livelihood. "They don't get much pie or cake," he says, "for their mother doesn't have time to make such things, but they get plenty of strong food, soup and meat and potatoes, and we don't have to pay many doctor's bills. They are all strong and healthy. It's pretty hard scratching sometimes to get along with what I earn, but my wife is a good manager, and we make out somehow. We're proud of our boys, and hope they'll all make good citizens."



THE FAMOUS FAMILY OF JOSEPH CHARLAND, OF MINNEAPOLIS.





THE BAYONET CHARGE OF THE WELSH FUSILIERS ACROSS THE PLAIN TO DISLODGE BOER SHARPSHOOTERS HIDDEN IN THE TREES ON THE MODDER RIVER BANK—SMOKE FROM CRONJE'S BURNING WAGONS IN THE DISTANCE.

## THE FURY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE SANGUINARY CAMPAIGN IN WHICH BOTH OF THE CONTENDING PARTIES FIGHT WITH DESPERATE BRAVERY.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL ARTIST IN SOUTH AFRICA, GORDON H. GRANT.

## Our Commissioners to Paris.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICANS WHO WILL HAVE CHARGE OF OUR INTERESTS AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

In the corps of eighteen commissioners which President McKinley has appointed to have general supervision over American interests at the French exposition there is a strong guarantee that these interests will not suffer from any lack of enthusiastic support and wise and judicious management. All of the commissioners, whose offices are purely honorary, are truly representative Americans and thoroughly qualified for the duties assigned them, while many of them will bring to their work an expert knowledge gained by previous experience in similar lines. This will be emphatically the case with Mrs. Bertha Honore Palmer, of Chicago, the one lady who has received an appointment on the commission. Mrs. Palmer was one of the leading officials and guiding spirits in the Columbian Exposition of 1893, and by her genius, energy, and ability did much to make that affair the brilliant success that it was.

Another commissioner of large experience in the practical management of great expositions is Mr. Michael H. de Young, of California. He was commissioner for his State at the Chicago fair and the director-general of the midwinter fair which followed the Columbian year in San Francisco. He has made a fortune of several millions as the owner and editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, a gentleman of varied attainments, a true representative of the great and growing Pacific commonwealth. He has resided in Paris for long periods at a time, and speaks French fluently.

The Sunflower State will have a worthy representative at Paris in the person of Mr. James Allison, of Wichita. Mr. Allison is one of the wealthy and substantial citizens of this lively and progressive Kansas city, and is closely identified with its leading commercial enterprises and educational institutions. He is a native of Ohio and an own cousin of President McKinley. He went to Wichita in 1886 to engage in the real-estate business, and has been remarkably successful.

Mr. Calvin Manning, the commissioner from Iowa, is another typical Western man in pluck, brains, and energy. His father was one of the early settlers in Iowa, and Mr. Manning's whole life has been closely related to the interests of his native State, whose citizens have honored him with many offices of trust and responsibility. He studied law and practiced that profession for ten years in Ottumwa, and then, with his father, bought a controlling interest in the Iowa National Bank, of Ottumwa, where he has since been cashier. He was a delegate to the Republican national conventions of 1884 and 1896.

Commissioner Jansen, of Nebraska, although a native of Russia, where he was born in 1852, his father being a German consul, has been in this country for twenty-seven years, and has become thoroughly imbued with the American spirit. His business has been that of a stock-raiser on an extensive scale, and he is known throughout Nebraska as a high-minded and progressive citizen. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1898 from his district by a large majority, and is a Republican of the radical, straight-out, gold-standard variety.

The representative from Wisconsin on the commission, Mr. Ogden H. Fethers, is another happy choice. Mr. Fethers has lived at Janesville, Wis., since 1877, and has the reputation of being one of the ablest lawyers in the Badger State. He is a native of Schoharie County, New York, and comes of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry, his mother being a direct descendant of President John Adams. Mr. Fethers was chairman of the Wisconsin Republican State convention in 1884, but has never held any political office.

In Mr. Thomas F. Walsh the famous Silver State of the Rockies will have a worthy and able representative. Mr. Walsh has operated mines in Colorado for the past twenty-five years, and has been an important factor in the development of Colorado's great mineral wealth. He is the sole owner of the great Camp Bird group of gold mines at Ouray.

The South is represented on the commission by a number of its brightest, ablest, and most successful men. Among these are Mr. Brutus J. Clay, of the distinguished Kentucky family of that name, and himself a man of national prominence, Mr. William M. Thornton, of Virginia, Mr. Charles A. Collier, of Georgia, and Mr. Henry A. Parr, of Maryland. Mr. Parr is a native of Baltimore, and the leading financier of that city. He is owner and manager of one of the largest grain-handling concerns in the United States, and is prominently connected with many of the financial, commercial, and social organizations of Baltimore.

No member of the commission will have such exceptional advantages and be so well qualified by reason of his training and experience to serve his countrymen in Paris this season as Mr. Arthur E. Valois, of New York. Mr. Valois was born near Montreal, Canada, of French parentage, but came to New York in his early manhood and began the practice of law. He has become widely known as a leading exponent of international law, and has offices in Paris, Washington, and New York. He has numbered among his clients prominent Americans at home and abroad, including the late Dr. Evans, the millionaire dentist, whose career in Paris was so phenomenally successful, and who, at his death, left his property largely to Philadelphia charities, making Mr. Valois one of his executors. It has been said that no other American lawyer represents the interests of so many eminent Americans abroad, and of so many foreigners of distinction, having matters requiring attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Valois's foreign business requires his absence from New York during the greater part of the year. It is the intention of Mr. Valois to open his Paris office at 32 Avenue de l'Opéra for the reception of American members of the Bar and American journalists who may visit the exposition this summer.

Another prominent New-Yorker who will figure on the commission is Mr. Louis Stern, the merchant prince. Mr. Stern is a native of Germany, but came to this country with his parents in 1855, when he was only eight years old, and since 1867 has been located in New York City. In that year his brother Isaac and himself opened a business under the name of Stern Brothers, on Sixth Avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets. This enterprise, founded in so modest a way and confined strictly to dry-goods, formed the nucleus of the firm's present large establishment, which was moved to the imposing

site it now occupies on Twenty-third Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, in 1878. The firm consists of three brothers, Louis, Isaac, and Benjamin, the last having been admitted in 1886. Another brother, Bernhard, was also a partner up to the time of his death in 1888. Mr. Stern, in co-operation with his brothers, has built up one of the largest and most successful establishments in New York City, and has confined it strictly to the retailing of dry-goods and upholstery. The name of Stern Brothers has a wide reputation throughout the United States and in foreign countries. The firm employs over 2,000 persons, and is noted for its reliability and enterprise. Mr. Stern is an active Republican, taking a keen interest in the welfare of his party, and is one of the vice-presidents of the Republican Club of New York. In 1897, while abroad, he was nominated by the Republican party as president of the Borough of Manhattan, the office seeking the man, as it always should. He is a director of the Bank of New Amsterdam, of New York, and of the Westchester Trust Company, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, New York Geographical Society, and first vice-president of the Albany Society, of New York. He is prominently identified with several other social, civil, and commercial institutions, and is a public-spirited, liberal, and enterprising citizen.

### Easter in the Philippines.

(A SOLDIER'S LETTER.)

DEAR MOTHER:—Since I came away I've often dreamed of you. I never loved you half enough, but now I know I do. I miss you more than all my chums back there at home. It shows a chap what he has lost when he is forced to roam About for months without a thing that he can call his own In way of comforts, luxuries—they seem forever flown. The army togs we thought so fine to-day are out of sight. I haven't shaved for weeks and weeks, and must be quite a fright!

It's Easter, says the almanac: you wouldn't think it here! I look across the rice-fields and am really feeling queer. Homesickness, too, I guess it is! Of course it had to come A little earlier to me, perhaps, than 'twould to some. The bamboo jungles rise between—oh, how I'd like to see Your dear eyes smiling into mine, but now that cannot be! And so I do the next best thing—a letter try to write; This always cheers me up a bit when things are far from bright.

The men have long been dropping out—death takes them one by one; Diseases quickly multiply beneath this burning sun. The rainy seasons, too, are such some never can pull through, And so I'm glad that in our ranks the boys you know are few. We're driving the insurgents now; they play their little game, And then we have to Mauser them! It makes things far from tame. I've lots and lots of yarns to tell, and they are true as true. Why, mother, it is wonderful what we must see and do!

It's hard to pass an Easter Day here in the Philippines, Because 'tis such a contrast to the bygone, happier scenes. I see the dear old church in town, the plants banked up inside, Familiar faces thronging through the oaken doors flung wide. I smell the lilies white and tall—their fragrance speaks of you. They always were your favorites—we watched them as they grew. I hear the music sweet and low, then swelling clear and loud, And dying out in echoes far above the list'ning crowd.

The minister who christened me still holds his honored place; I see his flowing, snowy beard, his honest, striking face; I almost hear his earnest words, so full of cross and crown, And high above that scene and this angels on both look down. They see you in the family pew, with hymn-book, too, in hand; They see me resting here in tent, with quite a diff'rent band—My comrades, all brave fellows, too, and some are rough as brave; They stand beside you in the fight; if need be, dig your grave.

Some day, at last, I'm coming home, if God still spares my life; I know He's bound to put an end to all this pain and strife. I've faithfully served old Uncle Sam, and ain't complaining now, For to the stern demands of fate I've simply got to bow. And there are better days in store, I know, for you and me, When high' is flung the flag of peace, and war has ceased to be. I send you kisses, mother, dear, just like a lover true—They're Easter kisses, every one. Your ever constant—HUGH.

MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

### The Balloon in South Africa.

THE AIR-SHIP AS AN AGENCY OF WAR—THE BALLOON EQUIPMENT OF THE BRITISH ARMY—PHOTOGRAPHING FROM A BALLOON.

THE use of the balloon in military operations dates back almost to the origin of the balloon itself, but it is only within comparatively recent years that it has come to be regarded as a really valuable adjunct of an army engaged in actual warfare. The French, who first reduced aeronautics to a science, were the first, also, to realize the advantages of the balloon for war purposes, and an aeronautic school for army officers was established at Mendon, France, as long ago as 1790. Four years after this a reconnaissance was made from a balloon by certain French officers just before the battle of Fleurus, and the signal victory which came to the French army at that time has generally been credited to this source.

In the French campaign against Italy in 1859 the balloon was used quite extensively, and special mention is made of the service rendered by them before the battle of Solferino. In our own Civil War not a little advantage was derived by the Federal army from the use of the best modern air-ships. There was a regular balloon staff attached to McClellan's army, and some valuable information was gained in this way in the Virginia campaign.

In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 the balloon was a conspicuous feature of hostile operations on both sides, and particularly by the French in the siege of Paris. For a considerable period the only communication between the besieged city and the outside world was by means of balloons, and some of the most thrilling episodes of that wonderful chapter of war history were connected with these air voyages. More than sixty-four balloons were sent out of Paris during the siege, conveying persons and dispatches, and of all these only two strayed away and were never heard of again. Gambetta made his way out of Paris into Italy via an air-line, an event which had a serious effect on the course of the war. One of the most remarkable voyages was that of the balloon *Ville d'Orléans*, which left Paris at eleven o'clock on November 21st, 1871, and descended

fifteen hours afterward at Christiania, Sweden, having crossed the North Sea without mishap.

An effort was made to use the balloon in reconnoitering operations around Santiago during our late war with Spain, but without success. Either the nature of the country or a lack of skilled management rendered the balloon service at this time of no real military value.

For some time before the present war in South Africa broke out the British government conducted a series of balloon experiments at Aldershot, chiefly with a view of adapting wireless telegraphy to this branch of the service, and thus opening up a new field of usefulness for both the balloon and the telegraph.

A balloon detachment accompanied the first troops sent to Cape Town from England, taking with them no less than twenty-three balloons, with all the equipment for active service. These balloons have a capacity of from 10,000 to 12,000 cubic feet each, and a lifting power of about 700 pounds. They are more elongated in shape than the balloons commonly used for spectacular purposes.

Compressed hydrogen is used for the sake of celerity of action, and by this means a balloon can be filled and sent up to a height of 1,000 feet in from fifteen to twenty minutes. Each balloon is provided with telephonic communication with the ground, and also an apparatus for signaling. Each balloon is expected to carry two men, who are borne aloft in a car of wicker-work just large enough to seat them comfortably, and weighing only twenty pounds. Everything connected with the affair is made as light as possible consistent with safety.

The rope which tethers the balloon to the ground weighs only 100 pounds. The network of rope around the balloon itself is made of steel wire in seven strands, each strand being of twelve wires with a string core, and in the centre of the rope runs an insulated wire for telephone work.

The risks of balloon service in an enemy's country are not so great as might be imagined, and very few lives have ever been lost in this way. The chief risk has been found to be from artillery fire, and the dangers from this source are easily avoided if proper precautions are taken. Balloon experts consider an ascent as fairly safe if it takes place at a distance of two miles from artillery. Where the country is fairly open it is not found necessary to deflate a balloon each time it is brought down for a forward movement. In a light wind a balloon can be towed along as fast as infantry can march.

It is said that it takes considerable training and experience to fit men for usefulness as balloon observers. The first effect upon a person raised aloft in a balloon-basket to a height of a thousand feet or so is one of confused and distorted vision. A feeling akin to that of seasickness is often produced by the rocking motion. Objects on the earth's surface have an expanded appearance, and one's ideas of size and distance are strangely mixed up. It takes some time to acquire what is known as "a balloon eye."

Recent experiments in balloon photography promise to develop a new and very valuable line of service, both in war and in peace. For this purpose what is known as a telephotographic camera is used. This camera has a lens specially designed for taking photographs at a distance, the invention of an English optician by the name of Dallmeyer. It was first used by the Japanese in their war with China. By means of this instrument an accurate photograph can be taken of a fort, a city, or a whole battle field from a height of two or three miles if the air is clear. It is found, too, that a camera will reveal many points on the surface which would escape the naked eye, a feature of great and obvious value in the case of use over a hostile country.

According to all accounts much excellent service has already been rendered the British by their balloon corps at Ladysmith, at the Modder River, and elsewhere, and we shall probably hear much more from this department of the war service before the struggle is over. The balloon detachment in South Africa is under the general command of Captain Jones, who has given years of study to this branch of military science, and he has with him a body of men trained in the same school.

### To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing, except the name and address of the sender, should appear on the back of the photograph, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

The Paris Exposition.—During the Paris Exposition LESLIE'S WEEKLY will devote a page or more, at intervals, to a special display of photographs taken on the exposition grounds by amateurs. The best photograph, from the standpoint of originality, interest, and artistic merit, at the close of the contest, November 1st, will receive a special prize of twenty dollars, and for each photograph accepted two dollars will be paid on publication. Entries should be marked: "For Paris Exposition Amateur Contest." See general directions.

### A Wonderful 10-Cent Book.

How to do over 150 things of interest to men, women, and children is told in the wonderful little book called "How," just issued, and sold for ten cents by the Judge Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. One reader writes: "I would not take ten dollars for the book if I could not get another like it." Edition limited.

## The Drama in New York.

THE popularity of "The Pride of Jennico" fills that most ornate and comfortable of New York's theatres, the Criterion, night after night with audiences which are carried away by excitement and enthusiasm at every representation of the play. The action centres around that excellent and painstaking young actor, James K. Hackett, and Miss Bertha Galland, who has sprung into prominence as a most charming and capable leading lady. She is petite and pretty, graceful and winsome, with an almost perfect enunciation and a charming style. She has found a part that suits her exactly and in it has easily made a permanent hit. Many other gifted young actresses have passed

MISS BERTHA GALLAND,  
Copyright, 1900, by Falk.

through similar experiences. They have gone on in minor parts for years with their talents unknown and unrecognized. Suddenly the opportunity has come. They have seized it and with it secured permanent success. Miss Galland is not a perfect artist. Perfection comes with experience, and she is too young to have had sufficient of that. But in the display of emotions, she is unaffected, and the realism with which she environs her acting discloses her studious conception of a trying part. The future promises much for her if success does not turn her head, and there are no signs at present that this unfortunate but natural climax is approaching.

That admirable actor, young Mr. Sothern, is to be congratulated on his fine artistic taste and his ability to spend money to prove that he has it, but he certainly did not expect that "The Sunken Bell," which he produced with such lavish expenditure for scenic effects at the Knickerbocker Theatre, would be a profitable play. A fairy tale is all well enough for children, but the misfortune of "The Sunken Bell" is that while it deals with dreams, goblins, and unrealities, there is nothing in it even to please the children, who are the chief patrons of the products of fairytale. Sentimental critics have labored industriously to demonstrate that "The Sunken Bell" contained, hidden in its incongruities and astonishing perplexities, rare poetic dream for which every soul should yearn. I will not dispute the possibilities of such an existence, but the stage is created for the masses and not for the few who soar into the realms of the unknowable to conjure up fantastic forms and label them with identities. "The Sunken Bell" is incoherent and ridiculous : it is unfathomable in plot, inexplicable in purpose, tiresome in detail, and nonsensical as a whole. It does not even give Sothern or Miss Harned a fair chance to demonstrate the possession of those splendid histrionic qualities which they really have, and which have shone conspicuously in everything else which they have done in late years, but which were inconspicuous in the ponderous importation from Germany labeled "The Sunken Bell." No play should tolerate the hideous monster—half frog and half man—which formed a grotesque figure in Mr. Sothern's production. It was not a pleasant spectacle for one to look at, and was altogether too repulsive to place upon the stage in the presence of a woman. I sincerely hope that we have had the last of such experiments, no matter at whose expense they may be undertaken.

The same misjudgment that led such a brilliant actor as Sothern to produce an incomprehensible and tiresome performance seems to have saddled Stuart Robson with Augustus Thomas's comedy of "Oliver Goldsmith," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is well that the programme called it a comedy, otherwise even this redeeming quality might not have been discovered. Mr. Thomas has written too many good things for us to expect that he would go on writing good things forever. Parts of his comedy are excellent, but, as a whole, it is not a success. Stuart Robson, whose genius for eccentric and peculiar delineation is unmistakable, should appreciate the fact that in this comedy he has no vantage ground from which to show himself. The dialogue is tiresome and the fabric of the whole thing diaphanous. With such a cast as Mr. Robson had for his support, he should have made a hit ; but nothing can relieve the weariness of the comedy itself. Mr. Robson's company includes Henry E. Dixey, Miss Florence Rockwell, Miss Jeffreys Lewis, Mr. O. E. Hallam, and Beaumont Smith.

Henry Mawson's clever dramatization of Dickens's "The Old Curiosity Shop," at the Herald Square Theatre, gave not only Miss Sanders a fine opportunity to win favor as Little Nell and the Marchioness, but it brought into prominence an actor, Mr. P. Augustus Anderson, whose perfect characterization of the infamous and satanic Quilp was one of the remarkable features of the performance. It was a life-like delineation of the grotesque creature whom Dickens pictured as hideous in nature and in conduct. The villainous character of Quilp brought into strong relief the light and frolicsome Dick Swiveller, a most artistic creation in the hands of Max Figman.

The newest things on the New York stage include the three-act play, "A Man and His Wife," and the one-act play, "The Bugle Call," constituting the bill at the Empire. The popular favorites, William Faversham and Miss Jessie Millward, have the leading characters in the first, and Miss Margaret Anglin is the heroine of the second. It is to be said of the Empire Theatre that it has a company capable of doing the very best work. It has been one of the most popular theatres in New York City throughout the season. These two new plays are both bright and strong, and their reception on the opening night was warm and enthusiastic.

At Hammerstein's Victoria an old-fashioned musical farce, with plenty of fun, an interesting chorus, and a lot of variety favorites, known as "A Hot Old Time," is the latest.

A comedy which one can see more than once and find in it

fresh enjoyment on each occasion is "My Daughter-in Law." It has crowded the Lyceum continuously since the night of its first production. The London comedians who have won undisguised admiration at the Lyceum include Ellaline Terriss, Seymour Hicks, and Fannie Brough. It is not to be denied that the mass of theatre-goers are in pursuit of pleasure, and prefer to smile over the absurdities of a comical situation rather than to sigh over the misfortunes of a heroine. "My Daughter-in Law" keeps its audiences on a broad smile, and its laughable complications are most cleverly wrought out.

Daly's Theatre is to have a revival of all the best comedies which we have had during the past season or two, including "Wheels within Wheels," "The Manceuvres of Jane," and "Trelawney of the Wells."

Two plays which bid fair to outrun the season are "Ben-Hur" at the Broadway, which has been witnessed by nearly 300,000 persons thus far since its first production a few months ago in this city, and "Hearts Are Trumps," the superb spectacular London performance, running with unabated success during its second month at the Garden Theatre.

JASON.

## Handy for Investors.

THE most complete, accurate, and reliable financial manual bearing especially on matters relating to investment and speculative securities is the "Manual of Statistics, Stock Exchange Handbook," issued annually by Charles H. Nicoll, 220 Broadway, New York, and edited by Henry E. Wallace. This is the twenty-second year of the publication, and the handbook for 1900 comprises over six hundred and fifty pages, with an accurate index and a careful and concise summary of the operations of all the railroads and of the great industrial enterprises, banks, and trust companies, with invaluable statistics regarding coal, corn, cotton, mining, provisions, wheat, and so forth. No other publication covers the ground more carefully, and none is more reliable. The book should be in the hands of every one who is seeking investments or who is engaged in speculation in stocks or staple commodities.

## "Jasper's" Hints to Money-makers.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

It is time to end the one-man power in Wall Street. Here is the American Sugar Refining Company, with a capital of over \$70,000,000 and thousands of stockholders, leaving its stock to the mercy of a single individual, President Havemeyer. Before the recent quarterly meeting everybody was wondering whether the customary dividend, or any dividend at all, would be paid on the common stock. Not a stockholder or director was qualified to answer. The decision was absolutely in the hands of one man, and that man the president of the company. On that decision rested the market price of the stock, and, knowing what his decision was to be, he could either buy or sell the stock as he saw fit, and then declare his purpose and reap his enormous profit.

It is the general impression that Mr. Havemeyer's interest in the securities of his company was largely reduced before the recent decision to cut down the dividend, and that his public bear talk was given out to enable him to cover the stock he sold short. He knows what is coming, and therefore can sell and buy to an advantage, for although he may hold but a single share of the stock, he is still president and still the despot of the situation. He has no greater rights than any other stockholder. He may have a much less personal and direct interest than many other shareholders, but the Street witnessed, a month ago, an exhibition of his power, and it has recently been given another sample of what that power signifies when the price of Sugar common stock dropped, within an hour, over six points, involving a loss of nearly \$2,000,000 to the stockholders, just because of his statement that the sugar war was ruinous, that the company was not earning its dividends, and that it might not continue to pay the dividends on the common stock.

While politicians who control legislation in the interests of just such men as Mr. Havemeyer are fooling their constituents with the pretense of laboring for the public good, the sharp men at the head of our corporations are piling up fortunes and settling with political leaders by making liberal campaign contributions, or by the bestowal of opportune tips for speculation and investment. This is not right. It is not fair, and I doubt if it is honest, but as long as the voter will blindly go to the polls and vote for anybody or nobody for public office, this iniquity will continue to exist.

I do not single out Mr. Havemeyer or the sugar company as a special target in this matter. He is no more blamable than many others who have equal power to control the destinies of corporations. I am opposed to a system which permits such abuses. It may be said that if people do not like the management of any concern they need not buy its stock. That may be true, but it is also true that the affairs of a corporation which offers its shares for public sale should be made a matter of record to a reasonable and fair extent, and if the majority in this country really did rule, it would see to it that every corporation whose securities are listed on the stock exchange or offered for public sale would be compelled to make regular reports of its earnings, so that the stockholders, who, after all, are really partners in the business, could have a knowledge of its transactions. If this is too drastic, let a law be passed that will at least permit minority stockholders to see the books of corporations in which they are financially interested.

"Reader," New York : The first.  
"B.," Norwalk, Conn. : The concern has no rating and I do not recommend it.  
"E. E. S.," Boston : I do not advise the purchase of the stock of the United States Steel Company for investment purposes.  
"C.," Harrisburg, Penn. : I do not look for cheap money just yet. Financial conditions abroad are not favorable to sustained higher prices.

"H.," Mobile, Ala. : An accountant or a lawyer would answer your question more readily than I can. I prefer to answer inquiries relating to Wall Street affairs that interest the general investor.

"E.," Chicago. I think 50 would be a high price for it. (2) Southern Pacific is in the hands of men who can put it to 50 if they wish. Its earnings are large and increasing. But it will go with the rest of the market.

"Reader," Jacksonville, Fla. : None of the bonds is strictly gilt-edged, but all are fair investment securities. I think well of the Canadian Pacific first refunding at the price named, and also of the Chicago and Northwest debentures. Neither of these is likely to sell lower for some time to come, if ever.

"B.," Rochester, N. Y. : The future of Brooklyn Rapid Transit will no doubt be favorably affected by the construction of every new bridge or tunnel between New York and Brooklyn that can be opened to this system. The completion of these bridges and tunnels is some distance off, however, and many things might happen meanwhile.

"M.," Bangor, Me. : Spasmodic advances in the stock market, as I have repeatedly said, are to be expected from now on, and perhaps throughout the summer. But I do not believe that any long-sustained bull movement is possible until the issues of the Presidential election have been decided, and decided in favor of a conservative, prudent, and sound-money administration.

"H.," Wilmington, Del. : I doubt if Steel Hoop will reach the price you paid for it for some time to come. The company is earning considerable money, but the industrials are not in good favor. An effort is being made to strengthen them in public confidence. If this succeeds they will sell higher. I would take advantage of any advancing market to shift my investment.

"H.," Joliet, Ill. : As to the Chicago stocks and bonds, I have been unable to get accurate information upon which to base a careful judgment. What I have learned is favorable to both securities. (2) A Presidential year as a rule is a bear year. Most of the great operators are content to keep out of the market until the result of the election, with all that implies, is pretty well settled. The reason is obvious.

"Subscriber," Decorah, Ia. : The bonds offered you are fair. The companies are small, and their success will depend upon the conservatism and honesty of their management. The total bonded indebtedness of the Pontiac Company is small. I do not find the total amount of the Alliance Company. It may be too large to be justifiable. These are not gilt-edged bonds. They are a fair, ordinary security. I would prefer a bond on a larger property.

"K. W.," Providence, R. I. : A man with a few hundred dollars ought to keep out of this market. It is too treacherous for operations on a small scale and light margins. (2) You have chosen active stocks, but they are as liable to go down quickly as they have been to advance. Leather common has little intrinsic value, as you will ultimately discover. I would prefer Texas Pacific or some of the other active, low-priced railroad stocks. (3) I do not like to advise in such matters. A lawyer's advice is best.

"Rux," Ruxton, Md. : I agree with you regarding Erie first preferred. Its net earnings for the past eight months were nearly a million greater than those of the preceding and corresponding eight months. The first preferred issue is over \$43,000,000, which is large, considering the bonded indebtedness. But the interest on the bonds could be scaled down considerably, leaving a much better showing for the stock. Erie has always been a favorite investment abroad, and when active, commands a wide market. (2) The tip has been given on Wall Street that Baltimore and Ohio preferred was good for par. It certainly has a fine tributary territory, and its earnings give warrant for its strength.

"Careful," St. Paul, Minn. : The strength of Missouri Pacific was justified by the large increase in its earnings and the expectation of a dividend. I think it will reach the price you name. (2) American Ice pays one per cent, quarterly, and is earning much more than this. But if you have a good profit, it would be well to take it. (3) The advance in Wheeling and Lake Erie, Hocking Valley, Reading, and other coal roads is based on the general belief that we are about to be called upon to supply the depleted foreign markets with the surplus output of our mines. There are great possibilities in this line. (4) Poor's Manual is very expensive, bulky, and unwieldy. You will find all the information you seek regarding railroad and industrial stocks put in excellent form, very handy for reference, in the "Manual of Statistics, Stock Exchange Handbook for 1900," edited by Henry E. Wallace, published by Charles H. Nicoll, at 220 Broadway, New York. Every investor should have this book.

"H.," Dover, Del. : The increase of the assessed valuation, under the new franchise-tax law of New York, on the local traction stocks is a very serious matter. For instance, the assessed valuation of the Manhattan Elevated is \$55,000,000, while last year it was assessed for \$27,000,000, or just about one-half. Brooklyn Rapid Transit stands at \$30,000,000, against about \$7,000,000 last year, while with Metropolitan the matter is even still worse, for its assessment has jumped from five million to sixty-two millions of dollars. Of course the assessments will be contested, but no one can tell what the litigation will result in. If the assessments stand, these stocks must be seriously hurt. (2) Tips on an advance in Tennessee Coal and Iron are generally given. I would not hold the stock for permanent investment. There is reason to believe that insiders, who bought it all the way from 20 up, are perfectly willing to sell at present prices, and I don't blame them. (3) The rise in People's Gas corroborates the report that I printed some time ago, that insiders were endeavoring to depress the price in order to accumulate a new line of the stock.

"R. L.," Boston, Mass. : I agree with you that it is a little singular that foreigners in such large numbers should suddenly appear as purchasers at advancing prices of American securities. The dodge of starting a buying movement in London to aid the bull leaders in America is an old one. There is no particular reason why London should now buy our securities more freely than there was a couple of months ago. Of course the passage of the currency bill, and the establishment, for the time being, of the gold standard, have given stability to our currency. But the impending Presidential election is not calculated to make that stability permanent, and the average English trader is well aware of that fact. (2) There is a distinct abatement of activity in the iron and steel market, and the fear that we have seen the height of the iron boom makes investors shy of the iron and steel stocks. Not long ago we were told that some of our greatest concerns had sufficient orders booked ahead to keep them busy for two years. Next we were told that they had orders for a year; and now, the best that is claimed is sufficient business for six months. JASPER.

## For Nervous Women.

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. J. B. ALEXANDER, Charlotte, N. C., says : "It is pleasant to the taste, and ranks among the best of nerve tonics for nervous females."

### Prospective Mothers.

PREPARATORY Hints ; Bathing ; Clothing ; Habits ; Fresh Air ; Second Summer, etc., are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Company, New York, who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

## Happy Family,

### WHEN THEY GOT RID OF THE COFFEE HABIT.

A LITTLE woman out in Oswego, Ill., tells how her husband, having determined to see if he could not make her quit coffee drinking, which he believed to be the cause of her constant neuralgia and general nervousness, brought home several packages of Postum Food Coffee which he had discovered, by trying elsewhere, to be good.

She says : "What in the world he brought home five packages for, I could not understand ; nevertheless, I quit coffee and started in on Postum Food Coffee. I did not have much faith in the change doing me any good, but was astonished to discover that my neuralgia left me almost at once, and the nervous troubles kept getting less and less.

"Little daughter at that time had been ill and could eat little or nothing. She was pale and thin. As soon as I discovered how Postum treated me, I began to give it to her. She liked it very much, and would drink it when she would take nothing else. She began to pick up rapidly and got plump and round and rosy.

"I don't care what sort of food there is in Postum so long as it treats me as it has. It is plain enough the food contained in Postum Coffee is good, and that's all we want to know. I am rid of neuralgia and nervousness, and am a healthy woman. Husband has also been improved, and daughter is well and happy, as I stated above." With best wishes, Mrs. Nellie Treman.

# In the Springtime

of life, when the cost is less, while you are in good health and are able to pay the premiums, you should prepare for the winter of old age by securing a policy of Life Insurance in

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Policies from \$15 to \$100,000, adapted to every need and condition, with premiums payable in amounts and at periods to suit the pocketbook.

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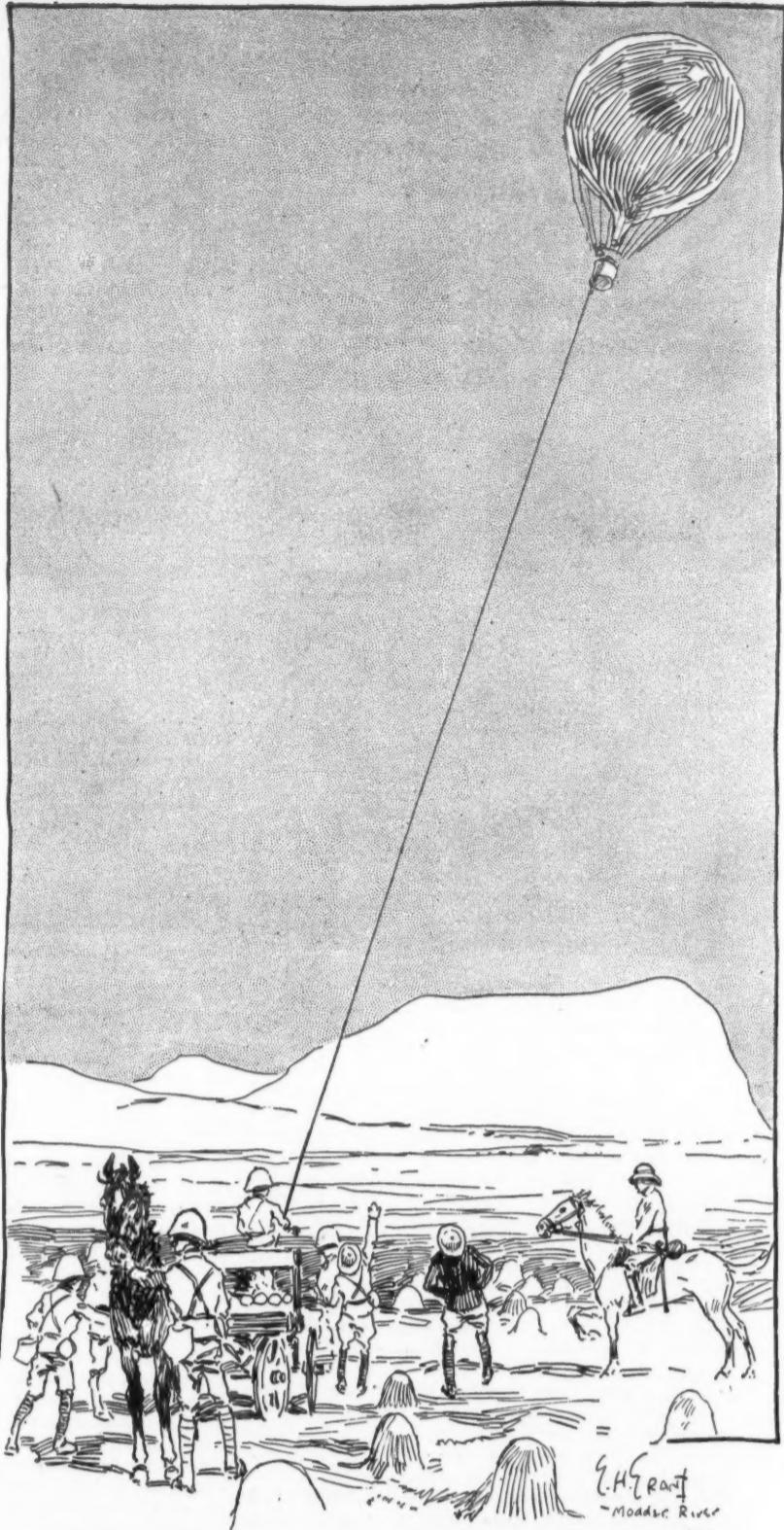
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OF AMERICA

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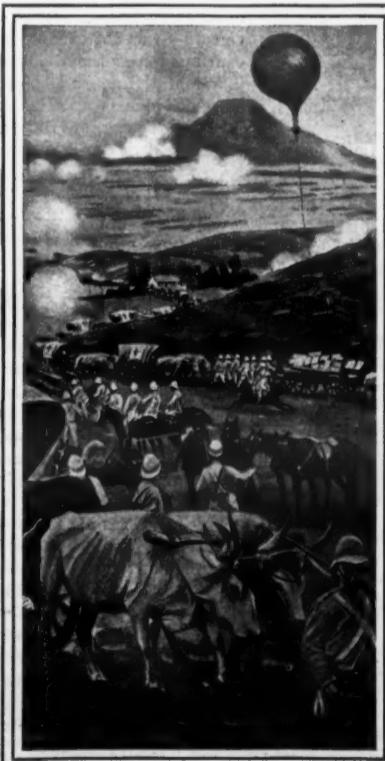
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MAKING AN OBSERVATION OF THE BOER POSITION AT MAGERSFONTEIN, FROM A BALLOON ATTACHED TO A WAGON.—Drawn for "Leslie's Weekly" by its special artist in South Africa, Gordon H. Grant.

G.H. Grant  
Modder River  
1900



THE BALLOON UTILIZED BY THE ENGLISH DURING THE BATTLE ON LOMBARD'S KOP, NEAR LADYSMITH.



A CAPTIVE BALLOON ATTACHED TO AN ARMORED TRAIN MADE USEFUL DURING AN ENGAGEMENT NEAR FARQUHAR'S FARM.

### THE MILITARY BALLOON IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IT SERVES AN IMPORTANT PART IN LOCATING THE HIDDEN RETREATS OF THE BOER FORCES IN THEIR NATURAL STRONGHOLDS.—[SEE PAGE 290.]



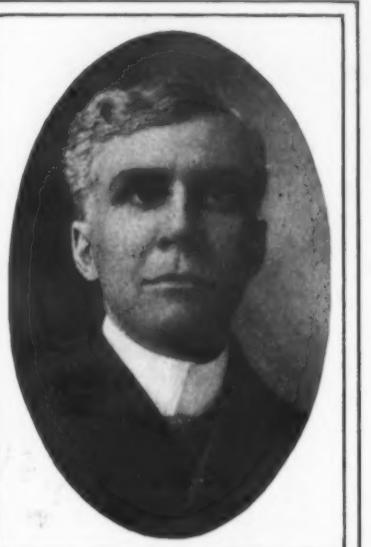
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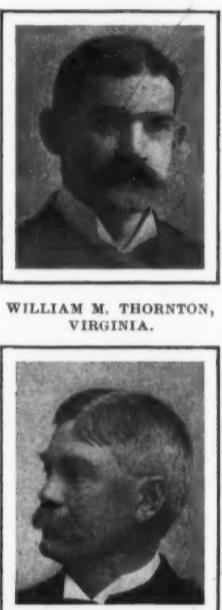
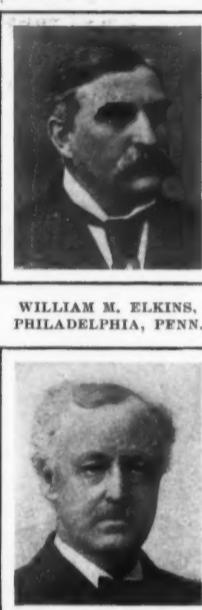
CHARLES A. COLLIER, ATLANTA, GA.



WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, MICHIGAN.



CALVIN MANNING, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

THOMAS F. WALSH,  
COLORADO.BRUTUS J. CLAY,  
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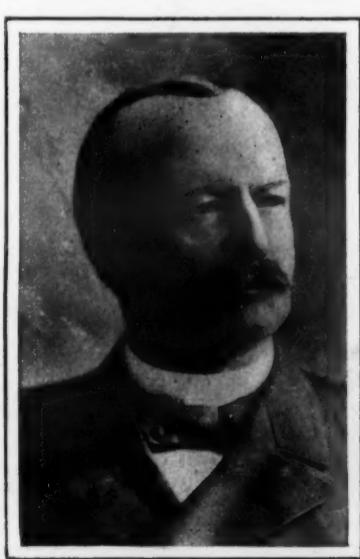
PETER JANSEN, JANSEN, NEB.



FRANKLIN MURPHY, NEWARK, N. J.



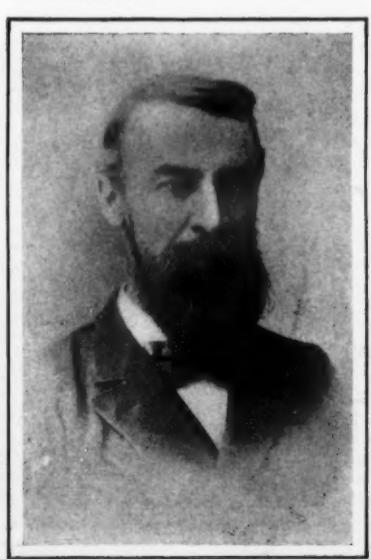
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ARTHUR E. VALOIS, NEW YORK.



M. H. DE YOUNG, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



JAMES ALLISON, WICHITA, KAN.



OGDEN H. FETHERS, JANEVILLE, WIS.

## UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS SELECTED BY THE PRESIDENT FROM EVERY SECTION TO REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES AT THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.—(SEE PAGE 290.)



GENERAL GRANT GIVING THE COMMAND FOR THE ADVANCE ON MOUNT ARIAT.



GENERAL GRANT AND STAFF IN THE FIELD BEFORE THE BATTLE.



THE SWEEPING ADVANCE OF GENERAL GRANT'S BRIGADE TOWARD MOUNT ARIAT.



THE BAND LEADING THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTEENTH INFANTRY.



THE SOLID RANKS OF THE SEVENTEENTH INFANTRY ON THE MARCH TOWARD MOUNT ARIAT.

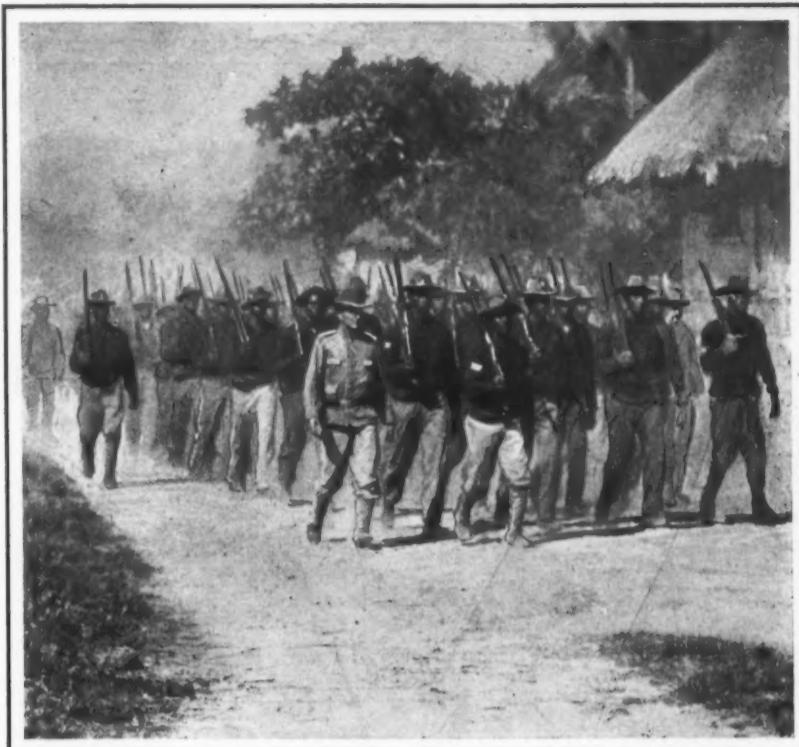
## AVENGING THE BLOODY SLAUGHTER BY THE FILIPINOS

SHARP ENCOUNTER AT MOUNT ARIAT OF GENERAL F. D. GRANT'S BRIGADE WITH FILIPINO INSURGENTS WHO HAD

A N



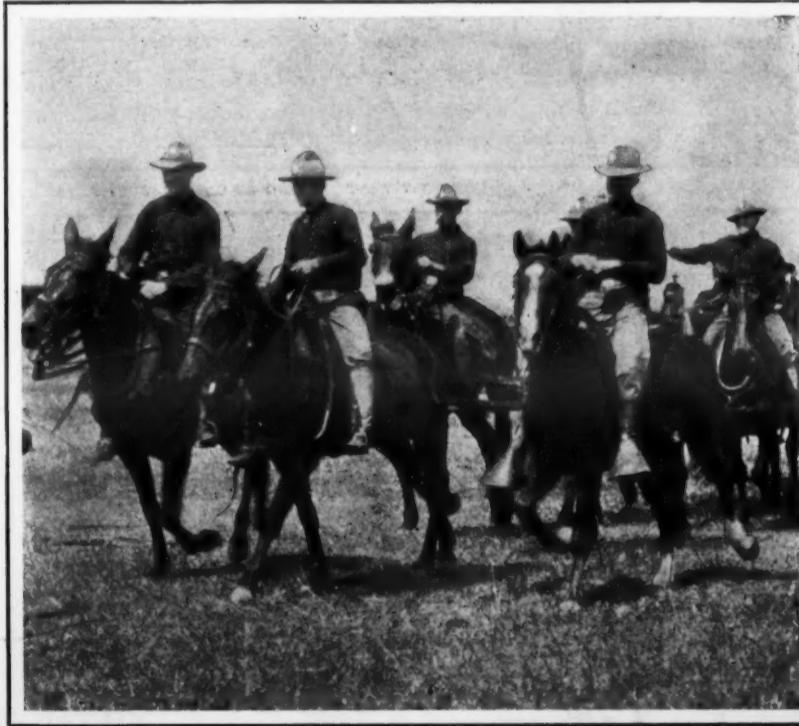
THE MARCH ON THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD OF THE FILIPINOS.



THE DASHING TWENTY-FIFTH COLORED INFANTRY MARCHING TO MEET THE ENEMY AT MOUNT ARIAT.



GENERAL'S HEAD TOWARD THE INSURGENTS' CAMP.

MOUNT ARIAT  
THE NINETEENTH INFANTRY, WITH COLONEL JACOB H. SMITH AT THEIR HEAD, RETURNING FROM A FIGHT WITH THE FILIPINOS.

BATTERY K, OF THE THIRD ARTILLERY, RETURNING TO CAMP AFTER A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.

THE PRISONERS OF DEFENSELESS AMERICAN PRISONERS.

A NUMBER OF AMERICAN PRISONERS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AMERICAN MUTOSCOPE AND BIOGRAPH COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 296.]



A FAMILY OF NATIVE FILIPINOS, TAGALS, AT ANGELES.



HOW THE WOMEN OF MALABON CARRY THEIR LITTLE CHILDREN.



THE BUSY BOAT-LANDING AT CAVITE, JUST AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE MANILA FERRY-BOAT.

NATIVE MEN AND WOMEN AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS ENJOYING A FRIENDLY SMOKE  
AT A CIGARETTE STAND.A FILIPINO FUNERAL—CARRYING THE DEAD OUTSIDE THE CITY FOR BURIAL  
AT SAN FERNANDO.

## LIFE IN THE FAR-OFF PHILIPPINES.

PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH REVEAL SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF OUR LATEST AND MOST DISTANT POSSESSIONS,  
PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY E. C. ROST.—[SEE PAGE 287.]

## Feast and Festival

By custom the guest must have the best, and the purest type of the purest whiskey is



### HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

Where hospitality is dispensed in Banquet Halls or Home Feasts it will grace the table and enliven the sideboard.

It is the  
AMERICAN  
GENTLEMAN'S  
WHISKEY.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## WHAT WINS.

It is marvelous how promptly and with what pronounced success some things from the start take hold on popularity. But behind them all, however much there may be in talk, there must be a substantial basis of intrinsic merit. Some things flourish for a time and have their day of rejoicing until the public curiosity is satisfied, and then comes the survival of the fittest. The plain reason, therefore, why some things sell the best is because they are best of their kind, and nothing like them, and it follows that they are the best to sell. As a leader in this category and as a remarkable example of success, Hunter Baltimore Rye, the American Gentleman's Whiskey, has the prime merit of being all that it is represented to be, and does not disappoint. It is the purest type of the purest Rye Whiskey, mellowed by a standard age of ten years, and of delicious flavor. Recommended by these superior qualities, it is a natural consequence that it should be the favorite. As a pure and perfect stimulant physicians prescribe it, and wherever it is placed on sale it is the most popular.

## AN EASTER OUTING.

THREE DAYS' PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR TO WASHINGTON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On April 10th the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run its annual Easter tour to Washington, affording an excellent opportunity to see the national capital in all its early spring attractiveness. Tourist agent and chaperon will accompany the party.

Round-trip rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and transfer in Washington, station to hotel, \$14.50 from New York, \$13.00 from Trenton, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia. These rates include accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Willard's, Regent, Metropolitan, or National Hotel, \$2.50 less. Side trips to Mount Vernon, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, and Norfolk at greatly reduced rates.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents: Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

No well-regulated household should be without Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

THE Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

HEALTH WISE people always take the one tonic—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At grocers' or druggists'. One bottle will prove its worth.

AMERICA makes the finest brand of champagne, Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It is delicious, fruity, and pure.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

cure bilious and nervous ills,  
sick headache, disordered  
liver and impaired digestion.  
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.



**PRICES:**  
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## CHEW Beeman's The Original Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

## "I Screwed Up My Eyeglasses

Six times a day," writes one sufferer. Thousands more could say the same thing. With the Lens Locked Screw there is no screwing up to do. Thescrews are always fast.

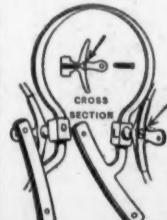
A knife blade is a poor screw - driver, likely to break the whole business.

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Your optician knows all about it. A little more trouble for him—a shaving extra cost for you. If he thinks he can switch you off, we'll send you name of one who won't.

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## LENS LOCKED SCREW

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Your optician knows all about it. A little more trouble for him—a shaving extra cost for you. If he thinks he can switch you off, we'll send you name of one who won't.

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These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for Booklet and Particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.

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MANHATTAN, MARTINI,  
WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN,  
TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.

Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.

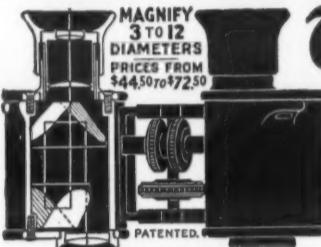
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WITH THIS BRAKE YOU RIDE 50 MILES BUT PEDAL ONLY 35.

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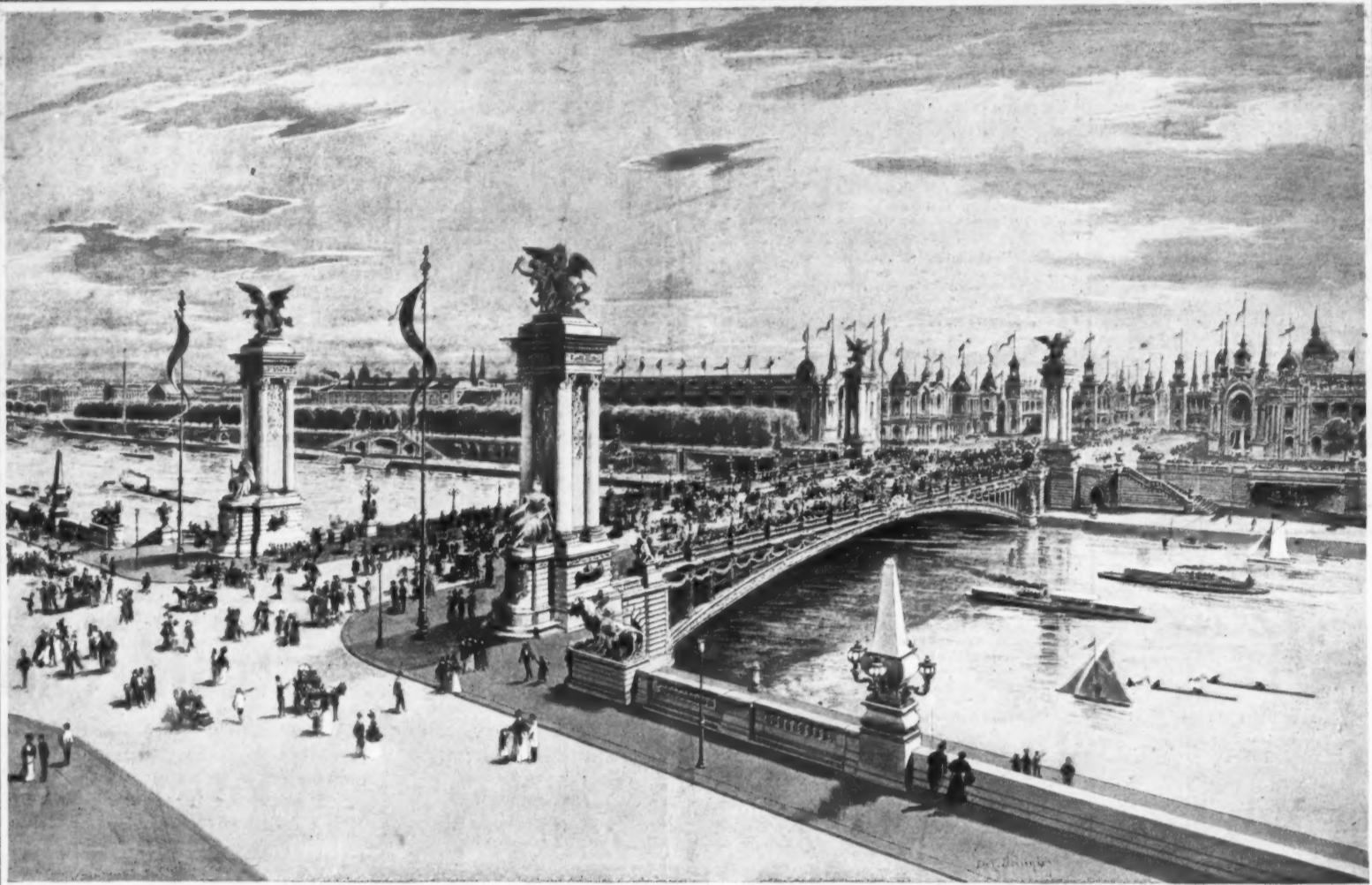
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A CLOSE SHAVE FOR A MILITARY BALLOON AT VAAL KRANTZ.  
THE BOERS DIRECTED A HEAVY FIRE ON A CAPTIVE ENGLISH BALLOON, COMPELLING THE BALLOON CORPS TO HURRY IT OUT OF THE ENEMY'S REACH  
(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 200.)



"When you do drink,  
Drink Trimble."

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.

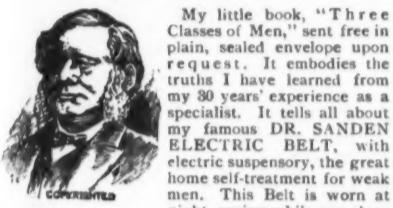
You no doubt are familiar with the name; convince yourself as to its superior quality and bouquet by asking for it.

We guarantee that it is a pure, unadulterated Rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

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My little book, "Three Classes of Men," sent free in plain, sealed envelope upon request. It embodies the truths I have learned from my 30 years' experience as a specialist. It tells all about my famous DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT, with electric suspensory, the great home self-treatment for weak men. This Belt is worn at night, curing while you sleep all results of Youthful Errors, Lack of Vigor, Manly Strength, etc. Over 7,000 gave testimony in 1899. I answer all letters personally, or Belt may be examined at my office.

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Limited Palace Trains Between Boston and Chicago and St. Louis, and all Points in the West, North and Southwest.

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The most direct route with latest improved service and fast trains between Boston and Montreal and all Canadian points.

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